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CONTENTS

	PAGE		PAGE
EVENTS OF THE WEEK	419	REVIEWS (continued):—	
THE SEQUEL TO THE ELECTION	422	Jane Austen at Sixty. By Virginia Woolf	433
THE LIBERAL PART IN THE TRIPLE BILL. By A. G. G.	423	New Novels. By Forrest Reid	434
A DREAM DEBATE. By Peter Ibbetson	424	A Devon Worth. By E. B.	435
LIFE AND POLITICS. By Omicron	425	Liberal Fundamentals	435
A NINETEENTH-CENTURY CHILDHOOD.—IV. By Mary MacCarthy	427	Two Views of St. Francis. By Gilbert Thomas	436
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR. By John H. Humphreys, Philip S. Belasco, R. Grafton Perry, Geoffrey Biddulph, and J. E. McLachlan	429	"To be Pyramidally Extant." By A. M. Ritchie	438
POETRY:—		BOOKS IN BRIEF (An Introduction to Dramatic Theory; The Rent Restriction Acts, 1920 and 1923; Insanity and the Criminal; Pages from the History of Zachy Trenoy; Books on Mah Jong)	438
Hommage à Mendelssohn. By Felix Static	430	ART:—	
THE WORLD OF BOOKS:—		Van Gogh at the Leicester Galleries. By Angus Davidson	440
Gossip and History. By Leonard Woolf	431	SCIENCE:—	
REVIEWS:—		Cancer. By J. H. B.	442
Race Problems in the New Africa. By Sir H. H. Johnston	432	MUSIC:—	
Winter Sports. By the Hon. Neville Lytton	433	Ildebrando Pizzetti. By Edward J. Dent	442
		FINANCE AND INVESTMENT. By L. D. W.	446

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EVENTS OF THE WEEK

THE result of the General Election has been what we hoped and expected it would be, only more so. In spite of the massed computations of the prophets, we found it difficult to believe that the Government could escape without the loss of at least fifty seats, and, in fact, it lost very nearly double that number. In the old House of Commons, the Unionists held 346 seats, the combined Liberals 117, Labour 144, and Independents 8. In the new House, assuming that the two constituencies where the results are still not available hold to their old allegiance, the Unionists will hold 257, the Liberals 159, Labour 192, and Independents 7. A clear Unionist majority of nearly eighty has been transformed into a minority of nearly a hundred. The Liberals contributed considerably more than Labour to the defeat of the Government. Their net gain from Conservatives amounted to 53 seats against Labour's 37; but they lost 10 seats on balance to Labour. The real Liberal gains, moreover, are considerably greater than the figures make them appear to be, for many of the National Liberals in the last House won their seats with the active or passive assistance of the local Unionists. A large number of these seats have been lost; indeed fully three-fourths of the Liberal losses were sustained on this very vulnerable flank, and the party may be said to have doubled its real effective strength.

MR. BALDWIN's first impulse after the results were declared is said to have been to resign at once and to advise the King, if his advice were asked, to send for Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. During the week-end, however, he appears to have changed his mind—taking the view, according to one report, that any course advocated by a notorious newspaper proprietor must be the wrong course—and so on Tuesday it was announced that the Cabinet would remain and would meet the new Parliament in January. This decision is warranted by constitutional precedent; and, in the novel circumstances of no party possessing an independent majority in the

House of Commons, it is, we consider, fully justified in the public interest. The three parties have still to define their relations to one another; and, though we entertain no doubt that the alignment should be that of Liberalism and Labour on the one hand against Conservatism on the other, there is certainly no obligation on Mr. Baldwin's part to assume in advance that this will happen. The breathing-space will enable the Liberal and Labour Parties to consider dispassionately the conditions on which their co-operation is possible. For, despite brave words to the contrary, two parties must co-operate, if the business of Government is to be carried on at all; and, for reasons we urge elsewhere, this co-operation requires a clear understanding between the leaders. The delay will involve the unfortunate consequence that no vital steps can be taken meanwhile in foreign policy; and for this, and other reasons, the fate of the Government must be settled immediately Parliament assembles.

THE outstanding lesson of the Government's smashing defeat is that the country is still steadfast in its belief in Free Trade. The Protectionists had every conceivable advantage when they went into action. Their party, as the "Times" and other propagandist organs lost no opportunity to point out, was the only one which could hope for a clear majority, and there was consequently a real temptation which might have led weak Free Traders to vote against their convictions in the interests of "strong government." The Free Trade forces were divided into two, and of those two sections the Liberal Party could not hope immediately to recover from the effects of its prolonged dissensions. The black background of unemployment for which the Protectionists had almost hoped in the early years of the century was a very present reality, and the war was still a recent enough event to reinforce the perverted nationalism of the Protectionist theory. Specious arguments could be manufactured out of the after-effects of

the war itself upon the currencies and standards of life of the European nations. Finally, the Government wisely refrained from any detailed description of its tariff proposals, and confined itself to airy and kaleidoscopic generalizations. Yet in spite of all these tactical advantages, the Protectionists were routed, and, if it had not been for the multiplicity of three-cornered contests, the rout would have been as dramatic as that in 1906.

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THIS unmistakable verdict against Protection must obviously be upheld by the new Parliament. Mr. Baldwin's general tariff is, of course, still-born, but there remain the McKenna duties, the Safeguarding of Industries Act, and all the oddments of taxes and preferences on foodstuffs of various kinds to which the Government committed itself at the Imperial Conference. Of these last, there should be a clean and immediate sweep. Nothing can be clearer than that Members of Parliament, who have denounced taxes on canned crabs, cannot vote for taxes on canned crabs, and the preferences which involve no increase in taxation would, in almost all cases, cause a reduction in revenue without any corresponding reduction of prices to the consumer. If Conservatism has misled the statesmen of the Empire, it is for Conservatism to put the best face it can upon the result; for it had no kind of right to commit the nation, which has invariably declared for Free Trade whenever it has had the opportunity, to any such Protectionist schemes. The McKenna duties and the Safeguarding of Industries Act should, in our opinion, be done away with as quickly as possible. Part of the latter Act expires this year, and it can be allowed to die a natural and dishonoured death; but in the case of the McKenna duties and the "key industries" section of the Act, it may prove fair and reasonable to give statutory notice to the manufacturers concerned that their privilege will be withdrawn after a definite interval of time.

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THE Government's agricultural policy met with no better fortune in the rural constituencies than did its tariff policy in the towns. We confess that on Friday morning, with the verdict of industry already before us, we awaited with some anxiety the verdict of agriculture. The farmers were doing badly, the labourers were living on a starvation wage, and a gilded hope had been dangled before them. A half-dozen results resolved all doubts; the bribe to agriculture was being either scorned or distrusted. Liberalism swept the West of England from Wiltshire to Land's End, and in other and traditionally Tory parts of the country stronghold after stronghold was lost to the Government. This result gives Liberalism at once a great opportunity and a great responsibility. Agriculture has seen through Toryism, and, except in the rarest instances, it will have nothing to do with the urban Labour movement. Its needs require the most careful study and attention, and it is for Liberalism to see that they get it, and that a sound and workmanlike agricultural policy is put before the new Parliament.

* * *

LIBERALISM in the new House of Commons will be stronger not only in numbers but in quality than it was in the old. Old sores can now be left to heal; but it is

all to the good that the left wing of the party has been greatly strengthened and the right weakened, and that so many of the candidates who have won seats are men who fought and worked without dismay in 1918 and 1922, when the weaker brethren found it easier to sail in on the Tory side. We are especially glad that Manchester Liberalism and the Summer School movement will be well represented. Mr. Masterman is back after a too prolonged and most ill-deserved sojourn in the wilderness, Mr. E. D. Simon is in, and Mr. Ramsay Muir scored one of the most notable wins of the fight, soaring from the bottom of the poll to the top on votes won from both his Labour and Tory opponents. The future of the party depends, in our opinion, on the influence this invigorating movement can bring to bear on its policy and on the educative work it is doing in the country. Two of the most regrettable results were the defeat of Mr. J. R. M. Butler at Cambridge University, and Oxford's failure to elect Professor Gilbert Murray.

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PRESIDENT COOLIDGE's eagerly awaited address to Congress has been sufficiently well received to make its author certain of the Republican nomination next June. As that was obviously its intention, the address may justly be regarded as the first of the election manifestoes. On the whole, it fulfils most reasonable expectations. It is mainly devoted to internal politics, which interest the average American much more than the affairs of Europe, and the President no doubt had the coming polls to some extent in mind when he declared himself a convinced supporter of the Secretary of the Treasury's tax-reduction programme. As regards foreign politics, Mr. Coolidge, while dissatisfied with the Permanent Court of International Justice, is ready to support it as "the only practical plan on which many nations have ever agreed," but illogically enough maintains his opposition to the League of Nations itself, for which precisely the same claim can be advanced. But this is in reality American politics, not world politics, and the President (who incidentally moves unexpectedly far towards recognition of Russia) seems to reveal his secret uneasiness at the policy he finds forced on him when in an eloquent peroration he emphasizes, as Mr. Hughes had emphasized not ten days before, the bearing of changes in the modern world on the Monroe Doctrine. The Secretary of State declared that the Monroe Doctrine did not mean isolation. Mr. Coolidge said the same thing in paraphrase. Despite his reference to the League, there is nothing in the address to suggest that the President is deliberately endeavouring, or will endeavour, to keep America aloof from the outer world. If anything, rather the contrary.

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THAT impression is confirmed by the announcement made a few days later that the President would welcome the appointment of American private financial experts to the advisory committees which the Reparation Commission proposes to establish. That decision does not, of course, commit the United States Government very far. The Government assumes even less responsibility than it would in appointing an unofficial "observer." The real interest of Mr. Coolidge's announcement lies in its implications. When the Barthou plan was first mooted, after the rejection of the British proposal for inviting American co-operation on the Hughes basis, there seemed little enough reason why America should consider it, for it bore all the indications of even more severe limitations than the Hughes scheme, to which France would not agree. But surface indications are

not always decisive, and in this case it must be supposed that the pointed questions Washington has been putting to Paris have received not unsatisfactory answers. America, in other words, evidently has reason to believe that the Barthou method may lead to something after all. M. Poincaré's intentions at the present moment are obscure. So are his relations with M. Barthou, who has the reputation of admitting no loyalty to anyone. That the French Premier is attempting to sidle to the Left is obvious enough, and he may very well have reached the conclusion that some prospect of a settlement must be held out to his electorate to disguise the barrenness of his Ruhr policy.

For these and other reasons a certain confidence persists in Germany. After standing in considerable danger of complete defeat, Dr. Marx secured the passage of his Emergency Powers Bill by an overwhelming majority, the Socialists deciding to support instead of abstaining. That having been achieved, little is likely to be heard of the Reichstag for some time. Interest will probably be centred in the immediate future on the prospect of securing a food loan from America (for which the assent of the Reparation Commission is necessary), the stability of the Rentenmark, and the disposition of M. Poincaré to make reasonable arrangements regarding the Ruhr. The advent of the new French policy has been signalized by the revocation of a number of sentences of expulsion or imprisonment; and, apart from the Düsseldorf industrial agreement, the value of which has not yet been tested, there are signs of an inclination on the part of the new German Chancellor to open political negotiations with the French. One purpose of such a step would clearly be to save the Rhineland and Ruhr for the Reich. The old Separatist movements of Dorten and Smeets have failed hopelessly; but France is in a position to exert almost irresistible economic pressure, and if autonomy or even independence meant an easing of intolerable sufferings, the inhabitants might be driven in despair to that course. That France would decide that the economic denomination she could thus establish over the great workshop of Europe was worth the loss of all hope of reparations, there is little doubt.

It is understood that the scheme which the French authorities in the Rhineland are now trying to promote is the creation of a Bundestaat, with its own Parliament and with no representatives in the Reichstag, with its own budget and currency, its railways run by an international, i.e., Franco-Belgian, company with 30 to 40 per cent. Rhenish shares. In return for acquiescence in this arrangement, the inhabitants are promised the liquidation (paying off) of the "Separatists" and the gradual reduction of the occupation. It is impossible to exaggerate the ruthlessness of the methods by which the Germans have been induced to discuss these terms. There is no law in the Rhineland for a Frenchman, a Belgian, or a Separatist. Leo Deckers, the man who started the Separatist riots in Aix, which resulted in wanton destruction and bloodshed, has been awarded 20,000 francs damages by the High Commission. This sum is to be paid by the town of Aix, which may not itself claim counter-damages. If the town refuses to pay, the ordinances justify the seizure of its property.

MEANWHILE, the position in the British zone becomes increasingly difficult. Our authorities see all round them the most disgraceful disregard of the Treaty

and of the Rhineland agreement, but they have to be meticulously careful not to offend the susceptibilities of French or Belgian officers. While armed Separatists run amok through the rest of the Rhineland, our people have to be very cautious in making arrests in their area. We have allowed our zone to be completely surrounded, and if we refuse to apply illegal French ordinances we are in danger of being "starved out" by our Allies. It is a hideous situation, but there is still a strong case for holding on, in order to prevent the full realization of the French schemes.

THE recent manoeuvres over the electoral law in France have been well worth watching, not so much for their own intrinsic importance, as for the light they throw on M. Poincaré's personal position both *vis-à-vis* the President of the Republic and in relation to the coming elections. Briefly, the conflict joined in the Chamber has been between the ordinary straight fight in each constituency, on the British model, and a form of proportional representation. It was only at the 1919 Election that the latter method was adopted, frankly in the interest of the Bloc National—of which the present President of the Republic was the founder. M. Millerand believes the future of the Bloc still depends on the retention of the proportional representation system, and M. Poincaré, in a curiously perfunctory speech, made the rejection of the separate-constituency vote, or *scrutin d'arrondissement*, a question of confidence. The interesting feature of the controversy is that the Radicals and Socialists, who hitherto have strongly opposed the *scrutin de liste* system as favouring their strongly entrenched opponents, are now disposed on the whole to favour it, so great is their conviction that the attempt to form a Bloc des Gauches will in most constituencies be successful, and that such a bloc will more than hold its own against the forces of the Right and Right Centre. They may be unduly optimistic, but of the fact of a Leftward trend in France there can be no question.

AFTER the hiatus caused by the General Election a review of the various negotiations proceeding between employers and employed may not be out of place. First and foremost there is the impending crisis in the coal-fields; as we go to press the special sub-committee of the National Wages Board is examining the working of the present agreement with reference to the miners' demands, and by Friday night a report of these negotiations will have been presented by the miners' representatives to a delegate meeting of the Federation. At this delegate meeting the fate of the existing agreement may very likely be decided. Next week the report of the Railway National Wages Board on the companies' claims for substantial modifications in wages and conditions is expected; the decision of the Board is not, of course, binding, but its moral influence will have great weight. What seemed a most dangerous position in regard to the working of a third shift of coal-trimmers and tippers at the Bristol Channel ports has been eased by the men's agreement to continue the present arrangement until January 9th; by then a final settlement has to be reached, and this will not be easy, for the men are solidly against the night shift, on the ground that there is no congestion at the ports and that earnings are prejudiced. Finally, on January 1st, the dockers' union is to give a month's notice for an increase of 2s. a day; the union is also engaged in drafting a Parliamentary Bill to give effect to the Shaw Commission's recommendations for the provision of a weekly minimum wage.

THE SEQUEL TO THE ELECTION.

THE General Election has produced a House of Commons in which no party has an independent majority. It is common to describe this result as "stalemate," and to assert that, whatever the immediate developments may be, another General Election is inevitable within a few months, or a year at most. It is not unlikely that this will happen; but it ought not to happen, and it is not in the least inevitable. For the first time since the war we have a House of Commons which reflects with some approach to accuracy the distribution of political opinion in the country, a distribution which will not be modified materially by an early dissolution, or even by a series of dissolutions in quick succession. It is no doubt possible by this means to alter radically the balance of Parliamentary representation; and an independent majority for one party or another, based on a minority vote in the constituencies, might thus again creep in through the defects of our electoral machinery. But to set to work deliberately to bring about such an arbitrary result, on the assumption that on no other terms can the King's Government be effectively carried on, is a preposterous perversion of the idea of Parliamentary government. Such an attitude is highly inconsistent in those who have complained throughout the past year that a Conservative Government should have held office with only a minority backing in the country. It is ridiculous in those who advocate, as the one serious piece of legislation which this Parliament should attempt, an amendment of our electoral system, along the lines either of Proportional Representation or the Alternative Vote, which would certainly tend to make more unlikely an independent majority in future for any party. The absence of an independent majority in the new House reflects, we repeat, the actual state of opinion in the country. That is precisely what the House of Commons is designed to do. If it is difficult to reconcile the situation with our existing conventions, either of Cabinet responsibility on the one hand, or of the complete independence of the parties on the other, the moral is that those conventions must be modified, not that the opinion of the country must be distorted so as to fit in with those conventions. The first duty of the leaders of each party is to face the problem of how a representative House like this can best be made to work, not to assume its early destruction and to manœuvre so that this shall come about with the maximum advantage for their own party.

Some people hope to find a solution of the problem mainly in a modification of the conventions of Cabinet responsibility. This view has been ably advocated by Mr. Ramsay Muir (whose election to the House was a very welcome feature of the polls last week) in the "Weekly Westminster." Let Governments accept with a good grace defeat on minor matters; let them submit to their Bills being amended in accordance with the wishes of a majority of the House of Commons; let them resign only on a vote of no-confidence, or on defeat on an issue of such crucial importance as to amount to the same thing; let parties in opposition abstain from purely factious assaults, and vote honestly on the merits of each issue. In this way, it is suggested, Government could be carried on, without any coalition or special arrangement between different parties; and with the immense advantage of a diminution of the evil of Cabinet autocracy, and an increase in the influence of the private member.

We should heartily welcome developments of this kind, which, indeed, we regard as essential, if the three-party system is to be made to work at all. But we entertain no hope that they would solve the problem by

themselves. Any Government must be able to rely on the support of a majority on matters concerned with the routine business of the House, such as the application of the closure, and the allocation of time for Government measures; while no Government could permit the Budget and the Estimates to be recast by detailed amendment in the House. On such matters, a majority of members must be willing to vote for the Government, whatever their opinions on the particular issue, if it is to be in a position to carry on. This means that there must be co-operation between two parties in the present Parliament; and the only questions that remain are: (1) which two of the parties should co-operate; and (2) what form the co-operation should take—Cabinet Coalition, a formal arrangement for support in the House on defined terms, or merely tacit understanding.

On the first question, we have already made our position clear. We look ultimately for a far closer association between the main elements in the Liberal and Labour parties than is practicable at the moment; and for this reason we are anxious for them to work together now so far as they possibly can. Apart from this, their co-operation is made imperative, in our opinion, by the supreme importance of the issues of foreign policy, upon which there are no discernible differences between them, and upon which both have proclaimed the inadequacy of the policy of the present Government. A Coalition in the Cabinet is neither practicable nor desirable at the moment, though developments may easily occur which will make it desirable later. In the meantime, as Labour is the larger of the two parties, the contingency which it is necessary to envisage is that of a Labour Government, to which the bulk of Liberal members would give a general support.

The difficulties and dangers which this prospect opens up are obvious enough. The most serious of them arises from the profound distrust which each party entertains, not so much of the social policies, as of the tactical objectives of the other. It is notorious, for instance, that a large section of the Labour Party aims at the complete destruction of the Liberal Party, as being the solution most agreeable to them of the three-party *impasse*. A Labour Government, which had been kept in office for a few months by Liberal votes, would be given an opportunity of realizing this ambition, which might prove tempting. It could bring forward a series of specious propagandist measures which it knew the Liberal Party would be bound to vote against, and then insist upon a dissolution. In the ensuing election those who were attracted by the Labour measures would vote Labour; those who were repelled by them would vote Tory; and the Liberals would retain the support only of electors of unusual discrimination. Such, at least, might be the calculation; and if the Liberal Party had good reason to suppose that a Labour Government intended to act in this spirit, it could hardly be blamed for refusing to sharpen the knife against itself. But it ought not to be impossible to guard against such dangers. It is exceedingly doubtful whether a Labour Prime Minister would, in the circumstances supposed, have the right to insist upon a dissolution; and, as the right is doubtful, there ought to be no difficulty in obtaining assurances that there would be no attempt to exercise it. The electoral sequel would be very different if the Labour Government were to resign after its defeat on a propagandist programme, and a Liberal Government were then to be given the opportunity of putting its own policy before the House.

The conclusion that we draw is that a serious attempt should be made to establish some kind of understanding between the leaders of the two parties during

the weeks that remain before the new Parliament assembles. The object of that understanding should be mutual confidence that no attempt will be made by either party to exploit the situation for its tactical advantage, rather than an agreed compromise on points of policy. It is obvious enough that the Capital Levy and Nationalization must be shelved; it is highly desirable, in our opinion, that the Alternative Vote should be passed. Upon these points there should be no difficulty, for the rest, it is well that a Labour Government should be free to propound its own measures with full responsibility, and that the Liberal Party should be free to judge them on their merits.

On the other hand, it is vitally important to ensure that the Liberal Party will give a Labour Government a fair chance, and will not obstruct it on purely tactical grounds, and equally that, if Labour decides to relinquish office, it will not seek to precipitate a dissolution, but will give a Liberal Government the same measure of support, and the same chance to define its policy, that it has itself received. Is not an understanding of this sort possible? If it could be reached, the new Parliament might have both a long and fruitful life. Why, indeed, should we regard the verdict of the elections as "stalemate"? There will be an ample majority in the new House of Commons for measures of social reform of a far-reaching character. The opportunity thus presented ought not lightly to be thrown away.

THE LIBERAL PART IN THE TRIPLE BILL.

ON the main issue the result of the election is gratifying beyond all expectation. Mr. Baldwin's ill-fated adventure has ended in a rout of Protection more decisive even than that of 1906. Then the issue was complicated, and it was presented by a Government which had completely lost the confidence of the country and was doomed, irrespective of the specific grounds of its appeal. The circumstances of the late election were infinitely more favourable. It was a sudden raid upon an unsuspecting and disordered enemy, conducted by a Government which commanded an unusual measure of goodwill in the country, and backed by that powerful argument of "two bad winters" which the Protectionists have always regarded as the necessary condition of success. And the result has been a defeat in every respect more emphatic than that of 1906. The Free Trade vote was in the ratio of seven to four against the Protectionists, and even in the centres of those industries on which the Protectionists had mainly based their case—places like Nottingham, Coventry, and Oxford—the verdict for Free Trade was overwhelming. The "Times," whose support of a cause in which it obviously had no confidence has been one of the comedies of the election and whose forecasts of the result are a monument of the perils of electoral prophecy, urges the Milner Committee of Inquiry, which is left *en l'air*, to proceed with its investigations in preparation for a new Protectionist attack; but nothing is less likely than that the folly of the recent adventure will be repeated for many years to come. Protection as a fighting policy has sustained a knock-out blow that dismisses it from the political calculations of any future with which we need concern ourselves.

The question that has taken its place is the problem of government on the basis of a three-party system. That question first emerged as a remote possibility in the election of 1906, and has been hastened in its development by the circumstances of the war and the

failure of the peace. Now, for the first time in our Parliamentary records, we have a House of Commons in which no party commands a majority of votes, and in which no Government other than a Coalition Government can live except upon sufferance. This is not a passing phenomenon. It is a situation which, so far as we can see, will remain a permanent condition of our public life. The adoption of the Alternative Vote or of Proportional Representation will get rid of the anomaly of a member being returned by a minority vote, but it will not touch the problem of government by a party which does not command a majority of the votes of the House. Nor would expedients like a fixed term for the life of a Parliament or the existence of a Government being terminated only by a direct vote of want of confidence meet the difficulty. Whether we like it or not, government in the new conditions will only be possible by an accommodation of some sort between one party and another.

It is obvious that the party mainly affected by this triangular situation is the Liberal Party, which is between the hammer and the anvil of Toryism and Labour. Superficially, it is the most vulnerable section of the House, but in important respects it is the governing element, for neither of the other parties can remain in office without its consent and goodwill. In these circumstances it is faced with a fundamental consideration in regard to its policy and future of a kind which does not disturb its rivals. We may take it for granted that the Conservatives and Labour cannot enter into any conceivable terms of co-operation, and that neither could or would accept office under conditions which made it dependent upon the sanction of the other. It follows, therefore, that the possibility of either of the larger parties holding office depends upon the attitude of the Liberals. The exercise of this responsibility may well determine, not only the immediate course of events, but the whole future tendency of the party, and whether it is to lean to the right or the left in its attitude to public policy. Like most parties, it contains widely divergent elements, but it will, I think, be agreed that any surrender of its tradition as the instrument of reform and as the champion of the popular cause against all forms of class privilege and vested interest would mean its practical extinction as a political influence.

This consideration should dispose at once of any temptation to maintain the Conservative Government in power. It is true that such a course would enable the party to exercise a powerful influence on the policy of the Government and deliver Mr. Baldwin from the fear of his Die-Hard element which has sterilized his action so disastrously, especially in the field of foreign affairs. But these advantages would be dearly bought at the price of an association which would canalize the party officially in the Conservative direction. It would obliterate the old lines of division between Liberal and Tory, and tend to disintegrate the party, one element becoming insensibly absorbed in the Tory atmosphere, and the more vital element gravitating to Labour.

In a word, such a course would hasten and complete the development which has notoriously been the chief preoccupation of Labour. Its aim is the painless extinction of the Liberal Party as an effective party in the State. It wants to clear the decks of the party which occupies part of its own ground and to get a clear issue between the forces of Capital and Labour. And the association of the Liberal Party with the Government, if only in the character of a flying buttress of external support, would go far to accomplish its purpose. If Labour really represented the Liberal spirit, it might not much matter whether the Liberal Party disappeared

or not. But in its present subjection to the theories of Mr. Sidney Webb, Labour does not represent that spirit, and those of us who believe that Liberalism is the influence that has made this country, with all its failings, the most prosperous, best governed, and freest country in the world, do not want to see that influence lost to reaction on the one side and to an arid doctrinairism on the other.

It may, in view of this, seem something of a *non sequitur* to suggest that the true line of policy for the Liberal Party is to give its support within limits to the party which aims quite frankly at its destruction. But if we are concerned mainly for the maintenance of the spirit of Liberalism, we shall not hesitate to do so. The mere human instinct of retaliation would point in the other direction, especially on the morrow of an election in which Labour has wantonly risked the loss of many seats to Free Trade by frivolous candidatures which had no meaning except to keep the Liberal out and put the Tory in. But we should be poor Liberals if we allowed such pettifoggery tactics to divert us from the pursuit of the larger ends of policy. Anything in the nature of a coalition with Labour may be ruled out as impracticable. It is desired neither on the one side nor the other; and since Labour has entered the field as a potential governing party, it is better that it should learn the business in the hard school of experience and in circumstances in which it will not be allowed to go far astray, and in which it will have both the credit and discredit of its own actions.

If Mr. Ramsay MacDonald forms a Government and desires to retain office, he can only do so by such concessions to Liberal opinion as will make it possible for the party to give him effective support against the assaults of the Tories, who will certainly have no disposition to spare him. There is no reason to suppose that on the vital question of European policy he will give cause for dissatisfaction among Liberals. No better service—indeed, none half so good—has been done by any public man on this question than the interview he gave after the election to the Paris "Matin." It was the first piece of plain speech, at once firm and good-tempered, that has yet been addressed to France on this great matter. Nor ought the field of domestic politics to offer him insufficient ground for activities in which he could be assured of Liberal support.

It may be said that the Labour Party will accept and exploit all the credit of this co-operation, that it will seize its moment to make a breach in the informal compact, and that if it goes to the country as a consequence it will show no gratitude to the Liberal Party. That is probable. But we can afford to take these risks. What we cannot afford to do is to fall below the great tradition of public spirit which is our title to existence. And if in the result Labour, driven on by its extremists to proposals which we cannot accept and which we know the country would not endorse, falls from office, the Liberal Party will take up the task of government with a clean record and a clear conscience, and leave to Labour the responsibility of showing that it is capable of the same reasonable spirit as that by means of which it has been able to win its spurs in the arts of government. If the Labour Party is not capable of displaying that spirit, that is the Labour Party's affair. We are concerned for the maintenance of an illustrious cause and the means by which it can best serve the nation in its emergency and help to solve the new problem of government with which the result of the election has confronted us. The Liberal Party has nothing to fear from the future if it is true to itself.

A. G. G.

A DREAM DEBATE.

LISTENING to election results stimulates and, at the same time, bewilders the brain. This probably accounts for the absurd 'dream' which came to me after the second day of declarations. In my waking hours, I go about my own small business quietly enough, but in my dreams I sometimes take upon myself the whole burden of national, and even international affairs. I hope no psycho-analyst will offer an insulting explanation of this complex.

On this particular evening, I went to bed wondering how His Majesty's Government would be carried on with each party in a minority in the House, and each heavily pledged against coalitions. When I had fallen asleep, I decided to summon a meeting of political leaders of all parties to discuss the problem. These things are easily arranged in dreams. The meeting assembled without any perceptible delay, and I found myself in unchallenged possession of the Chair.

"Gentlemen," I said, rising immediately, "it is unnecessary for me to take up your time with any preliminary observations. You are aware that an unprecedented situation has arisen in British politics. It is obviously desirable that some informal exchange of views should take place. I therefore call upon Mr. Baldwin, as the man in possession, to tell us first what he proposes to do."

"I admit," said Mr. Baldwin, who seemed to be amused rather than distressed by what had happened, "that certain difficulties may conceivably arise when Parliament reassembles. Meanwhile, I propose to carry on and do my duty, according to my lights, in that position to which it has pleased God to call me. In order to deal with the problem of unemployment, I asked the country to release me from a pledge. The country has declined to do so. Meanwhile, Sir William Beveridge and others have pointed out, with considerable force, that most of the present unemployment is in trades unaffected by competing imports. I only wish someone had told me that before. I therefore think that it would be practicable to renew the undertaking not to make any fundamental change in our fiscal system, and to try some other method of diminishing unemployment, which still remains my principal pre-occupation. Incidentally, I should not be sorry to drop some of the red-hot Protectionists from the Cabinet, and replace them with men who understand economic matters. Of course, if the new House of Commons carries a vote of censure against me, I shall resign. At the moment, it may not be irrelevant to point out, I am still Prime Minister and Leader of the largest party in the House."

Mr. Austen Chamberlain said that the last consideration mentioned by the Prime Minister was one of paramount importance. It was obvious that the Government should be drawn from the largest party in the State. He differed, however, from his Right Honourable Friend as to whether that party would be at all likely to consent to the further leadership of one who, by raising a great issue in a half-hearted way, had led his followers to disaster at the polls. What was needed in order to restore the confidence of the Unionist Party was the replacement of the present leader by one who would not hesitate to declare that the great policy of Tariff Reform and Imperial Preference could only be carried to a triumphant conclusion if it were put forward in its entirety, without the sordid and crippling limitations involved in the shuffling and cowardly exemption of certain foodstuffs from taxation. Such a leader would no doubt add that the whole Protectionist issue would be shelved until a more convenient oppor-

tunity arose for putting it again before the country. By this double undertaking, he believed that the confidence of the Party could be restored, and His Majesty's Government carried on by a competent Parliamentary leader. "I believe," added Mr. Chamberlain, "that such a man could be found, patriotic enough to sacrifice his time and his leisure to the call of Duty. He should be one who has already had experience of High Office and the conduct of business in the House of Commons. An ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, and former Leader of the House, would be ideally fitted for the task."

The Marquis Curzon of Kedleston said that while he cordially agreed with the Right Honourable Gentlemen who preceded him that the Prime Minister should be drawn from the ranks of the Conservative Party at this great juncture in the history of this Empire and of the world, he differed profoundly from both of them as to the type and calibre of statesman who should be selected for that onerous and responsible Office. To him it seemed that the internal affairs of our island were of comparatively small moment to-day, beside the great crisis in the world's fortunes which might, according to whether it was wisely or incompetently handled, exercise a profound influence on the whole future of our race, if, indeed, it did not involve the fate of Western Civilization itself. At such a time, and in such circumstances, he thought that the Head of the Administration should be one who could adequately maintain the dignity of public life at home and the prestige of the British Empire abroad; one who was thoroughly acquainted with the principles and details of our Foreign Policy, and could preserve that continuity which was so essential in dealing with the representatives of other Powers. He could not disguise his opinion that the individual selected to guide our country should, if possible, be aloof from the petty exigencies of debate and party manoeuvres in the House of Commons, and be one who, from a more exalted sphere, could claim the patriotic support of responsible citizens of all parties and of every shade and tinge of opinion.

Lord Derby said that they were all good sportsmen. He agreed with nearly everything that Lord Curzon had said, but he thought that the next Prime Minister should be a man who had a deep and sympathetic understanding of the French people and the point of view of the French Government. If they could find a statesman who had some experience of administration in this country, and had also served as the diplomatic representative of Britain in Paris, he thought they would be very lucky to get him to form a Government.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald said that the previous speakers had not faced the realities of the situation. In spite of the hostility of the Press, the Labour Party had increased its representation in the House of Commons and claimed to speak for the great mass of the producers of this country. If a Conservative Government were so foolhardy as to meet the new House, it would be ignominiously defeated and driven from office. It would then be the duty of Mr. Baldwin, or whoever succeeded him, to advise the King to send for him (Mr. MacDonald), who would at once undertake to form a Labour Government which would claim fair play from the capitalist parties.

Mr. Lloyd George, who was looking extremely well and seemed in high spirits, said: "Here we are again. (Laughter.) We have all given and received some hard knocks, and I have no doubt that should occasion arise, we should exchange them again. But I hope, indeed I know, that we are none the worse friends for that. We are practical men, and as such recognize facts. The

outstanding fact of the present situation is stalemate. We are all in minorities. We can each upset the other. But we can't stand alone. That being so, we must work together. We've done it before. We can do it again. I recommend a Coalition of all parties. We are all agreed. (Laughter.) Yes, we are. (Renewed laughter.) We weren't agreed yesterday, but we are to-day. I've been studying the election manifestoes. They're all alike. (Laughter.) Except that Baldwin wanted tariffs, which he now drops like hot potatoes. (Laughter.) And McDonald wanted a Capital Levy, which he can't have. (Laughter.) So, I repeat, we're all agreed. What you want is a Prime Minister who's used to driving a difficult team. Modesty prevents me from naming the man. (Laughter and cheers.)"

Mr. Asquith said that the Party of which he was the chosen and acknowledged leader would have no part or lot in coalitions, in office or out of office. If, however, he was called upon by his Sovereign to form a Government, and if he were assured of adequate support in the House of Commons, from whatever quarter that support might proceed, he would have no hesitation in shouldering the responsibility thus placed upon him.

Lord Grey of Fallodon said he agreed with every word uttered by the last speaker, but, if importance were attributed to the considerations put forward by Lords Curzon and Derby, he would do his best.

Lord Birkenhead said that the difficulty of overcoming the position of stalemate had been much exaggerated. He ventured to say that any statesman who would lead the country, with head erect and bright eyes, into a first-class war, would very soon find a united House of Commons either behind him or confronting him.

Lord Haldane said that we were not a reflective people. If we were, we should realize the inestimable value of the opportunity afforded by present circumstances for the representatives of Labour to undergo that training which could only be obtained by actual experience in the administration of national affairs. He regarded it as a unique occasion for the greatest experiment in adult education, not only of the rulers, but also of the governed, that this country had ever known. . . .

Under the influence of Lord Haldane's eloquence, the meeting faded away without reaching any decision.

PETER IBBETSON.

LIFE AND POLITICS

As in 1906 after two and a half years, so in 1923 after only a few weeks' discussion, Protection has been decisively rejected by the electorate. According to the "Times," "one of the leading Unionist organizers declared that the Unionist Party would not offer Protection to the country again until the country demanded it"; but this remark may be due more to temper than to wisdom, and it is too soon to conclude that Protection is finally done with, in view of the perennial fascination which its fallacies exert on the Tory mind. There is one lesson, however, that we can fairly hope the Conservative Party, and all other parties, will learn from last week's polls. It is not good electoral tactics, any more than it is good statesmanship, to propound a remedy for an evil without making the smallest attempt beforehand to examine the facts of that evil, much less to analyze its causes. In various circumstances, and as a means to various ends, tariffs can be advocated with some

plausibility. — But to put forward tariffs on manufactured imports as a cure for unemployment at a time when our severest unemployment is in the export industries and trades associated with them, and when there is hardly any manufactured commodity the imports of which are not at a much lower level than they were before the war, is sheer quackery, which, as Sir William Beveridge well observed, would have been "almost inconceivable" if the facts of unemployment had first been dispassionately studied. It was this irrelevance of the remedy to the disease that was the decisive factor in Mr. Baldwin's defeat.

THIS does not mean that it counted very heavily as an *argument*; but the influence of the *fact* was overwhelming. If the trades where unemployment was severe had been trades where competing imports were a formidable problem, the argument that Protection would mean more work would have beaten the objection that it would raise the cost of living, and there is very little doubt that Mr. Baldwin would have swept the country.

ALL the possible permutations and combinations of parties and policies—and some quite impossible combinations—have been anxiously canvassed during the last week. Die-hards, like Sir Frederick Banbury, who imagine that tumbrils and guillotines are among the principal manufactures of Aberavon, and assume that Liberals are suffering from the same delirium, are in for a rude awakening. The Centre Party idea is more dead than Canterbury lamb; and from no Liberal quarter has a word of support come for a Tory-Liberal coalition or even for benevolent neutrality towards a Tory Government. On the other hand, there are Liberals who would like to see a Liberal-Labour coalition, resulting in the loss through schism of the remnant of Conservative-minded Liberals and of extreme Labour men, and the emergence of a sound and united progressive party, but they realize that such a coalition is not at present possible and may never be possible. The general Liberal feeling is undoubtedly in favour of benevolent neutrality towards a Labour Government, but without any entangling engagements of any kind.

THERE is one obvious strategic disadvantage for Liberalism in such a position, to which some astute Liberals are fully alive. A Labour Government could only hang on so long as the Liberals supported it. If left to its own resources, it could be defeated by the Tories alone. The danger is that all might go smoothly for a time, while items of policy common to the Liberal and Labour programmes were carried—though, during that time, Liberalism would be the target of embittered Tory propaganda for its part in carrying an advanced programme—but, at the end of that time, the limit would be exceeded. Labour would propose some superficially attractive but altogether impossible scheme, the Liberals would have to withdraw their support and fight the next election under a cross-fire of abuse both for what they had permitted and for what they had prevented. There are Liberals, therefore, who would precipitate an election as soon as possible, and who hope to sweep the country as the one party a majority of the country does not cordially dislike. Of this calculation it is enough to say that the country would give short shrift to any party which sent it electioneering again just yet.

THOSE who argue on these lines leave out of account several considerations. One is the House of Lords, for the behaviour of which Toryism is and is always held to be responsible, and which might well give the parties of the Left a battle-cry long before they fell out among themselves. Another is the fact that the first Ministry to be formed in this Parliament need not necessarily be the last. A Prime Minister who takes office in command of a Parliamentary majority can legitimately ask the King to dissolve if he be defeated; but any Prime Minister who takes office now will begin without anything approaching a majority. Most constitutional lawyers would probably hold that if the new Government was defeated at an early stage, and there was therefore no reason to believe that the state of feeling in the country had undergone any striking change, the King would be fully entitled to test the possibilities of forming an alternative Government which Parliament would support before he allowed a dissolution to take place. It is by no means certain that the Prime Minister who takes office next month will be able to choose the ground for the next election.

TACTICIANS on all sides are, indeed, inclined to underrate the intelligence of the electorate. The latter has declared for a Government which is not a Conservative Government, and it certainly wants strong and stable government. If the Liberal Party makes clear from the outset that it wishes the electoral verdict to be implemented and not thwarted—in short, that it wishes a foreign policy and a domestic policy to be pursued such as it believes the electors to desire; and if it conscientiously does all in its power to see that administration and legislation proceed soundly and on those lines, it will undoubtedly win a great deal of confidence and support. Everyone knows that it dominates the situation, and that its responsibilities and difficulties are great. This election has been a bad shock for the tacticians, and we see no reason to suppose it will be the last. There is no reason for the Liberal Party to put its head in a noose, but it is clear that the right course for it to take is the public-spirited course. No one will vote for it out of admiration for its tactics, but a great many people will vote for a party which obviously thinks of their interests first and of tactics last.

THE President of the Bank Officers' Guild writes that the staff of the National Provincial and Union Bank has been forbidden to participate in any way in party politics. It would be interesting to hear whether the Directors of the Bank are responsible for this piece of antiquated tyranny, or whether it has been perpetrated by some narrow-minded Jack-in-office. Among the Directors are Lord Inchcape, Sir Felix Schuster, Lord Illingworth, and Mr. J. A. Clutton-Brock. Another is Sir Harry Goschen, who is said to have spoken on a party platform during the election. There is something to be said for a self-denying ordinance imposed by bank directors upon themselves with regard to party politics, but nothing at all for interference with the political liberty of their managers and clerks.

ACCORDING to last Sunday's "Observer," the English people are "merely repelled by measureless exaggeration of language and by an irresponsible excess of promiscuous metaphor."

OMICRON.

A NINETEENTH-CENTURY CHILDHOOD

BY MARY MACCARTHY.

IV.*

THE religion of Marsh College now became my chief interest in life.

From a glass case in the hall (kept as a shop), I purchased two miniature ecclesiastical candlesticks; a crucifix, though coveted, was beyond my means, so I bought instead a sparkling mineral rock surmounted by a little marble cross. Equipped with this furniture, I made an altar in my cubicle, and every night and morning prayed long before it, "The Better Way" open before me. This book prescribed my day. As soon as I was awake and the clang of the penitent's bell had died away, I made an "Ejaculation" to start the day. There was a whole chapter of "Ejaculations" in "The Better Way," and I got two into my day, for I made another at 12, "on hearing the clock strike." The prayers were full of imagery. All day I was a pilgrim, "watching soberly for roaring lions," or pulling my stuck legs out of "sloughs of Despond."

Applying the searching questions set down by the author of "The Better Way," my nightly self-examination discovered a mass of sin. There appeared to be no Commandment I had not broken, the seventh not excepted. For even under this heading "The Better Way" most ingeniously managed to bring in the young by making me ask "Have I been curious about improper subjects—asking about them? Or told others?" and like all children about 12 years old, I was curious about what the compiler of the book considered to be improper subjects; that is to say about birth and marriage.

The fantastic modesty of Victorian parents no doubt produced inquisitive children, but in those days their curiosity was called "morbid." Modern parents see that their curiosity is "natural"; and even the most delicate-minded teach their children the facts of life without feeling they have opened Pandora's box. Still, a child of the old *régime* as I was, it was surely time that I should gather somehow that children were not sent ready-made as gifts into their mothers' arms. From Cecile, a friend, I learnt that children were born after the manner of calves and foals, and this was very interesting news; from Kathleen, another friend, I was about to learn more, but she grew frightened in the middle of imparting her valuable information. I can see Kathleen now with her flaming Scotch red hair, making her bed, with her bracelets jingling, flinging the blankets into place, thumping the pillows and teasing me as she withheld her superior knowledge.

Well, it was clear that according to "The Better Way" I had broken the seventh Commandment; but these things were so very interesting that this sin sat quite lightly on me. It was when I passed on to the eighth, "Thou shalt not steal," that my conscience was racked. I had put one day, in a moment of self-protection against daily scolding, for I was the dunce of the arithmetic class, a large confident R by the side of three sums which were decidedly wrong; I had wanted three Rs and I had put three Rs. Then I knew how all crime came to be done; I discovered, too, that after yielding to a moment's impulse one had to suffer the tortures of the damned. Unless I confessed to the Sister in charge of the class I could never satisfy my conscience, yet this I could not do; for Sister Anna Alexandra, the severest woman I had ever known, would humiliate me. There was also a fatal contradiction in my troubled feelings. Besides not being able to confess because the crime was so grave, I also could not confess because it was so trivial. It was terribly important, yet foolish and unimportant. In vain I now steadily marked every sum, right or wrong, "X" to atone for the fatal Rs; I could not get rid of the fear set up by the self-examination commanded in "The Better

Way." Night after night, tired and rather overstrained with a strenuous day, my conscience tormented me; and there seemed also to be perpetual allusions to me in Father Eustace's sermons and in what people said. I would be perfectly happy, when suddenly a twinge within would come, and a fog-yellow melancholy would settle upon me, and, lasting sometimes for hours, leave me exhausted. Finally, I could bear it no longer. As the coward at last takes his tooth to the dentist, so I unburdened myself. But I was wily, I wrote to Anna Alexandra; the unexpected happened, she was merciful. She answered me in a note and did not summon me to her side. "Victory for God!" "Triumph over the devil," were much easier to bear in writing than while standing embarrassed before her.

My private self-examinations and confessions threw me in on myself; confession-box and priest would have helped me more. It was a custom to pray a great deal in the warm and beautiful church, and thither I often repaired to pray alone, enjoying the space, the darkness, and the red glow of the ever-burning lamp among the images, in the blessed silence, away from monkey chatter.

Yet in the school itself, in spite of my conscience, the bitter cold, and my chilblains, I had bursts of high spirits. The speech of the Bandarlog was becoming my speech; and I was taken up by the fastest set in the school. Kathleen, Lucy, and Polly were noisy and daring; Christabel and Beryl were deceitful and vain. They had a *culte*; we called him "The Cherub." In a scarlet cassock and a short white robe edged with lace, he bore a candle in the church processions, held up the Gospel for the priest to read, swung censers, and managed the little bell and properties during celebration. He was very dark and handsome, but, for my part, I had been completely disillusioned by seeing him out of his robes, eating a biscuit on a bicycle. Although the set were unshakable in their adoration, for some reason it amused them that I had been so sadly disillusioned, and they enjoyed being told he was "a perfect horror"; it added to the interest of the whole matter. Whispered jokes about him were fun for a while, but suddenly—it was as if I had been too long in stale air—it seemed as if there were no charm, no delicacy anywhere.

"I want to get out of this set. I don't know what I'm to do to get out of it. What am I to do?" I groaned to Birdie, who was not in it, and whom I myself had now begun to admire. Birdie, who had the colouring and eyes of Hogarth's shrimp girl, was very pretty. She lived in St. John's Wood, and described the gay nights and squalid days of a home quite different from my own. She had no mother, and she and her brothers and sisters depended on the yearly sale of her father's lush, accomplished Academy pictures. In earlier days this R.A. had been a disciple of the Pre-Raphaelites, who had had for a time high hopes of him. Then "Birdie" had suffered privation. But now the oil oozed quickly from his tubes, and the family went to school.

I can best sum Birdie up as a "Steerforth"; she could get one to admire her when she was quite unadmirable. She never had the smallest trouble over anything; during the arithmetic class her cheeks bulged with sugared almonds; during preparation she read "Vanity Fair" to herself every day and it escaped notice; she had a love-correspondence with a medical student at Bart's., and firmly licked up her envelopes, which, by the rules of our prison, she ought to have left open for inspection. She had "only written to an old doctor friend of her father's," she said, when at last Sister Mary Elizabeth swept ever so gently and kindly up to her to make a little deprecating inquiry as to why so strict a rule had been broken.

She and I, in a reckless moment one day, had given to all the deathly white busts in the drawing school pink chalk cheeks, and blue chalk centres to their eyes. It

* Part I. appeared in THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM for September 1st; Part II. on September 8th; and Part III. on November 3rd.

was I who bore the punishment alone; she never owned to any of the damage. When I bought an acting edition of "Blue Beard" and suggested getting up the play in secret, having fancied myself calling with extraordinary dramatic energy, "Sister Anne, Sister Anne, what do you see?" she seized it from me, took the best part for herself, and said, "You must be the Sheikh of the Desert—it's a very good part."

I shot "Birdie" dead with an arrow of hatred sent flying from the gloomy fortress of my detached perceptions, over and over again; but she held her sway. She was full of effrontery, but she had so much charm. She took the best and left the rest. She was not a lady, but they are rare everywhere; and they were very scarce here, except among those beautiful black veiled forms, dedicated to a narrow, fanatical, but heroic law, who floated among us, ministering to us.

Well, I began to avoid "the set." Alliance with Birdie, who was their enemy, made open rupture inevitable. Then just as I had broken with them and wriggled like an eel away, to my horror and complete surprise the Cherub *culte* was discovered, putting me in the position of a deserter. Two of the set had corresponded with the Cherub for some time and he had responded, being very careful not to say which of them he loved the best. One of the letter-writers was observed by a sister of mercy flinging a note out of the window at the Cherub, imploring him to declare himself. The note was confiscated, and the Cherub himself had been caught by the Vicar smiling to his loves during celebration. It was thought by "the set" that I was probably a Judas; at the very least it looked, unfortunately, as if I had known they were going to be found out, and had retreated in time. Some believed in me, others didn't; I had left the set simply because I hated it, but I was tongue-tied. I could not explain, and felt myself at best a prig. The culprits were dragged into the vestry to be scolded by the Vicar, and brought before their hastily summoned parents, who were forced then and there to remove their daughters.

It was now Mi-Carême, and my mother had written that she was getting up a pageant of months, and "did so want little Mary for the part of February." It was noticed that I was looking very sick and tired and cold; it would do me good to get a few days' change, the ever-kind Mary Elizabeth said. So I was put into a fly and sent home.

My well-brushed hair (nowadays my hair would be described as "bobbed," but according to my romantic mother I wore it "à la Jeanne d'Arc"), my brown velvet dress, donned suddenly in the middle of the week, gave me a Sundayfied feeling. My emotions were those of a workhouse inmate, started off on the roads after a sojourn in the Union. Though the fly had an everyday musty smell, though Peasod Street seen from its windows was full of everyday shoppers, though I was soon rolling softly through Runnymede, and saw boys in shorts kicking footballs before them, I still had this Sunday feeling strong upon me when I walked a little dejectedly and sedately, though most expectantly, upstairs to meet my family.

I opened the drawing-room door; the musical genius, the composer, was at the piano alone, rehearsing the overture. I shut the door quickly so as not to disturb him, having taken in at a glance the bright fire, the river and castle through the windows, the azaleas, the strong-scented jonquils in pots, the Morris chairs. I opened the dining-room door; my mother's ardent greeting met me at once, making me a little limp and seemingly ungrateful and cold, as was my unfortunate way. I was embarrassed. The room was filled with beautiful young women metamorphosing themselves into months of the year; there were young slips for the early months, voluptuous girls for the hotter summer months, intense and spiritual creatures for those of the dying year. August was making a poppy wreath, June was engaged with paper flowers; all were at work on properties—strawberries, blue and yellow irises, holly and ivy and corn. Evelina was having a rehearsal of her part alone and could only wave to me from a corner.

"Mary, darling, you must at once start on your February part," said my mother, kissing me enthusiasti-

cally again. "Put on your dress and begin." It was too much for me; the workhouse feeling had not gone; I turned away suddenly, and went up the staircase alone. There in the solitude of my mother's bedroom I sat on a chair, terrified at the prospect of acting, and most miserable of all to find myself actually blubbing. But she, of course, had instantly understood; hurrying breathless after me, she consoled and flattered me. One always stopped crying to hear what she was saying; it was so very remarkable, though, of course, as it was only one's mother's praise, the praise itself was nothing. Then she poured out a glass of sal volatile, so stiff that it went at once to my head, and I was able to rush downstairs and take the part of February with some success straight away. In a pale-green floating frock with long white petals, a little breathless after such a rapid *volte-face* from dejection, I ran on to the stage carrying a pot of snowdrops, and gave January (Evelina), a little girl in a brown hood, a hearty kiss, saying,

"Sister, joy to you. I've brought some snowdrops.

Only just a few!

But quite enough to prove the world awake;"

and so on and so on till March, a great breezy girl, in her turn, came blustering on.

The whole performance was a Pre-Raphaelite, intense affair. With its pale, half-toned colours, its naturalistic flowers, its romantic music, it was all that is most out of fashion now; and, tossed up into a lumber room, it will probably lie there for thirty more years at least—then down one day it will come again, sure enough. "Deliciously nineteenth-century!" someone will say, imagining the properties, the flowers, and pale dresses. "How heavenly for them to have been so intense, so romantic, and so religious!" a second will exclaim, turning Christina Rossetti's pages. "We must revive it," all will cry. Thus a sophisticated renaissance comes about.

My few days at home, acting, laughing, and talking far into the night with January, April, and other months, were orgies of delight. Then I got meekly into the Black Maria which arrived to take me back to school. I say meekly, for the Kestells were educated in the Casabianca tradition; one stayed where one was put. "Where the goat is tied, there she must browse," was our proverb; and rebellion, unfortunately for me at that moment, had not yet become the hallmark of the promising young.

The provincial horse-bus has of course died out; but in those days, if you ordered that it should be done, a horse was harnessed to a vast conveyance, and a neat man in livery and gloves rattled away with a single person to any distant part of the town—for a shilling, just because the vehicle was a 'bus and not a brougham or a fly. The windows of this 'bus rattled with a stinging, shattering, deafening noise. If there were two of you inside, you could shout against the noise and have fun and laugh over it; but alone and in the dark, I seemed accompanied by a hundred yelling devils. At last I alighted. The page-boy opened the wicket-gate, and once more, my home life thrust quite out of sight, I plunged obediently into the life of the Bandarlog.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE ELECTION AND AFTER.

SIR,—The result of the General Election has provoked a lively discussion upon the problem of government and the need of electoral reform. Let us first see exactly where we are. The following table summarizes the results for the boroughs and counties in Great Britain. The Irish and University seats are excluded because of the difference in conditions. As regards the thirty-eight uncontested borough and county seats, an estimate has been made upon the following assumptions: (1) that 74 per cent. of the electorate (the average for the country) voted; (2) that 60 per cent. of the votes were given to the candidate returned unopposed; and (3) that the remainder was divided equally among the

other main parties. Including the estimated figures the totals are:—

GENERAL ELECTION, 1923.				
GREAT BRITAIN—BOROUGH AND COUNTY SEATS (except Derby, Western).				
Party.	Votes.	Seats.	Seats in Proportion to votes.	
Conservative	5,786,247	239	225	
Labour and Co-operative ...	4,681,496	191	182	
Liberal	4,555,320	155	178	
Independents and others ...	130,807	5	5	
	15,153,870	590	590	

How would P.R. have affected the result? In the first place the voting figures would have been different. The three main parties would have nominated candidates in every constituency, and the exact amount of support behind each of them in the country would have been more accurately known. As regards seats, if we take the votes recorded at their face value, in no recent general election has the representation of parties corresponded more nearly with their respective strengths in the country.

None of the three parties has a majority of the seats. The problem in government arising from such a situation has been inadequately discussed, partly because it has not before arisen—at least, in its present form—and partly because some have held tenaciously to the belief that its solution lies “in the re-establishment of the old broad division between the forces of the Left and the forces of the Right.” The latter attitude, in addition to avoiding the problem, seems to ignore the facts of contemporary politics elsewhere. In Canada, in Australia, in New Zealand, and in South Africa, there are now more than two parties. These political conditions are too universal to be accidental. As to ourselves, there seems to be no doubt that we shall have three parties with us at the next, and also, in all probability, at the succeeding election.

If the three contending parties represent three different streams of thought within the nation, it is more healthy for Parliamentary government that they should find separate expression. Their presence strengthens Parliament by making politics more sincere. The enforced fusion some years ago of Conservatives and Liberals in Australia into an anti-Labour party destroyed their virility and deprived both parties of the freedom necessary to press forward policies to which they attached great importance. The irritating and cramping effects inseparable from such a fusion soon made themselves felt; the country electors, condemned to silence on the tariffs, created a new third party. In our own General Election the fact that three separate parties entered the field has enabled the nation to give unchallengeable decisions on more than one issue. It has rejected the Capital Levy; it has rejected Protection. Would such clear decisions have been possible if there had been enforced fusions resulting in a Labour and an anti-Labour Party?

In respect of unemployment and of foreign policy, the mind of the nation has also been revealed more completely through the presence of three parties. These conditions, when the parties reflect real forces, are an aid, not a hindrance, to good government; for the purpose of Parliamentary government is to give effect to the decisions of the nation, not merely to those of one party. There is no need for a coalition covering the whole field of politics, but some modification of existing Parliamentary conventions will be necessary. If desired, the Government might be drawn from the party whose policies most nearly represent the nation's views on the main issues of the election. On other issues the Government must be guided by the composition and by the views of the House of Commons. A system of committees would admit of a freer form of co-operation in the shaping of legislation. In respect of foreign affairs there might be sufficient agreement among the main elements of the parties to admit of the development of a national policy. The Government, more sure of its ground, would be stronger, not weaker. In respect of our relations with overseas Dominions, there would be more understanding and less room for surprises and disappointments.

This problem of government is intimately associated with the method of election. Our present system is admittedly chaotic. Whether it will give fair results or not is a matter of chance. Whilst personality is always a great factor in every method of election, the most representa-

tive of public men are often under the present system in more danger of defeat than the average member of their party. Two reforms have been put forward—the alternative vote and proportional representation. They are sometimes coupled, as if they were similar in effect. As a matter of fact, they are in many respects the antithesis of one another.

Let us summarize the differences. The alternative vote may produce a total result more unfair than that which arises from the present system. In this election, if there had been an understanding in the constituencies between Liberal and Labour (the Liberals deeming Protection a more immediate danger), the Conservatives might have lost ninety-four more seats. Their representation would have been reduced to a little more than 160, a number very similar to that of 1906, when the Conservatives held 157 seats. On the other hand, if there had been an understanding between Liberals and Conservatives, Labour might have lost sixty-seven seats; their representation would have been reduced to about 130. Either result would have been a misrepresentation, a distortion of the facts.

Some Liberals may be inclined to assume from these illustrations that the alternative vote would be favourable to the Liberal Party. The truth is that under the alternative vote every party is at the mercy of a combination of other parties. In South Africa, Labour and Nationalists threaten to combine to defeat General Smuts. The alternative vote leads to confused politics, for the inevitable local coalitions vary in character from constituency to constituency. In an election such as that of 1918 it would have been almost a dead letter. It would not have prevented the gross exaggeration of the majority which made that Parliament one of the least representative in recent history.

Further, under the alternative vote, every political leader is in a special danger of losing his seat. Strong partisans of other parties want him out of the way. Who would guarantee that Mr. Asquith would have won Paisley under the alternative vote? Take another example. The number of candidates for Mr. Arthur Henderson's seat in Newcastle East was reduced to two. The alternative vote was to all intents and purposes in operation in Newcastle. It cost Mr. Henderson his seat. The alternative vote merely gives to each locality the satisfaction that its member represents a “majority” of a sort, but nationally the results may be disastrous—grossly unfair representation, leader after leader struck down.

On the other hand, P.R. makes for sanity and for accuracy. These are needed in politics as in all other departments of life. P.R. reveals the facts; it destroys exaggeration. It assures to each party a fair share of representation. It does not provide safe seats for any leader, but it does save statesmen from the injustice which may spring from some combination of hostile elements made expressly to compass their personal defeat.

Thus P.R., as every approach to sincerity must do, makes a valuable contribution to the solution of the new problem in Parliamentary government. It compels parties to state their policies with reasonable clearness, for their standard-bearers will be competing in all the constituencies. This helps the nation in making its decisions. Representation being fair, it is the more certain that Parliament will give effect to these decisions. The shortcomings of Parliament lead some to seek a corrective outside Parliament, such as a referendum. It may, on occasion, be of value; to use it often proves its undoing. P.R., however, provides a corrective within Parliament itself. It tends to enhance, not to diminish, the authority and the responsibility of the Legislature.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN H. HUMPHREYS.

December 11th, 1923.

LIBERALISM AND LABOUR.

SIR,—At this point of time it is important for Liberals to state their position squarely. It is all very well for George Lansbury to write in the “Daily Herald” that Labour is to wait for the Tory-Liberal Alliance and its future is assured. Quite true! But two can play at that game. It is quite clear that the Liberal Party rank and file are really overwhelmingly against a Tory-Liberal Alliance at any cost. Let us speak quite frankly. The old political wobblers have gone from the Party and the country has returned men like Masterman, E. D. Simon, Ramsay Muir, Raffety, whose only claim, as Sir J. Simon so truly said, was “pure Liberalism.”

If the Labour Party refuses to co-operate temporarily with the Liberal Party, then it will be the Labour Party which will drive this country into another election. Certainly we Liberals must not commit suicide by joining with the Tories to swell Labour votes. For, make no mistake, such a policy would drive the best Liberals out of the Party and kill it for all time. Rather must we, with the help of our advanced men, elaborate our home policy, especially our industrial policy; and if the Labour Party rejects co-operation on points of similar policy, then it must expect the country to judge how far their action is reasonable.

As a strong Liberal, I hope our leaders will not falter. If the Labour Party is headstrong and selfish, their foolishness and selfishness will recoil on their own heads. Already the "New Statesman" has spoken.—Yours, &c.,

PHILIP S. BELASCO.

53, Cressingham Road, Lewisham, S.E. 13.

December 10th, 1923.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE FIGHT.

SIR,—In his article last week on the election "A. G. G." devotes the following passage to the Labour Party:—

"I saw little, personally, of the activities of the Labour Party, but my general impression is that the introduction of the Capital Levy was electorally a blunder for which they paid heavily. It seemed beside the mark, for no one believed that it had any relevance to the problem of unemployment, and it gave the Labour campaign an air of unreality which was a serious handicap. The public were profoundly interested in the fiscal issue, and the preoccupation of Labour with the Capital Levy seemed to suggest that that Party was indifferent to the subject about which the public were thinking."

May I suggest that the attitude adopted therein is one which explains one aspect of the Labour objection to co-operation with Liberalism, and bears out Ramsay MacDonald's jibe that when the Labour Party, after years of educational and propagandist campaigns, have popularized the Capital Levy, it will then figure prominently in the Liberal programme?

The Labour Party do not make up their programme—as if it were to be for a "popular" concert—of favourite airs and hackneyed ditties which they think will appeal to the voters at any particular election. They put forward for public consideration reasoned policies of action to meet the crying needs of the time. Liberal leaders and publicists know—or ought to know—just as well as Labour, that the burden of the National Debt is of absolutely first-rate importance.

Four years ago Mr. Masterman said that opponents of the Capital Levy must be challenged for an alternative, otherwise they are merely drifting to ruin. What is the Liberal alternative? It did not appear markedly on their election programme. Are they content to pay away in interest £1 million a day, leaving the capital untouched?

The Labour Party, whilst quite sound on the importance of Free Trade, tried to keep the election down to realities by insisting on the importance of the actual issues of the day, and refusing to be dragged off wholesale into fighting an election purely on that quaint *revenant* of a hybrid between a dead horse and a red herring—known as Free Trade v. Protection.—Yours, &c.,

R. GRAFTON PERRY.

PROTECTIONIST ARGUMENTS.

SIR,—You have completely confused the meaning of my letter last week. I do not "imagine that Britain's 'adverse trade balance' is made good by foreigners investing in our industries," as you impute, but exactly the reverse. The "danger of an adverse trade balance" refers, of course, to the *debtor*, but the "participation" is also undesirable for the creditor nation—though profitable to its investors—for national expenditure is always necessary to guarantee collection, while the export of capital and necessities is an obvious loss in real wealth, and only figures as an asset under an unnatural system of finance based on *debt*.

The greater part of foreign trade is unnecessary, and would be cut off if it were saddled with its *full costs*—naval expenditure and trade wars. To tax imports *might* curtail exports—though that is not the object of "businesslike" Protection; but failing a fundamental reform of the financial

system, a reversal of the wasteful business of "export for the profit of finance" could be effected more directly by a tax upon exports.

The object of "business" is to keep demand in excess of supply, and that is attained by a relatively excessive capital development combined with a restricted output of necessities. This is favourable to finance, for the rising prices which result cause the circulating tender to return quickly to the banks, while foreign trade and frequent movements of bullion increase the profits on discounts and bills of exchange.

"There is no form of 'business activity' which assures such high profits as the issue of securities and the flotation of foreign loans"; but it is a tribute to wealth production, and so long as an *inverted credit system allows it to flourish*, no prosperity can be attained at all commensurate with what is possible.—Yours, &c.,

GEOFFREY BIDDULPH.

Metropolitan Art School, Dublin.

December 10th, 1923.

[Mr. Biddulph's point about the costs of armaments and wars has no substance as regards the greater part of our foreign trade; it has some substance as regards certain classes of foreign investment—which, we agree, are not really as profitable to the nation as they are to the individual investors. But we repeat that a reduction of imports without a reduction of exports can only be secured by an *increase* in foreign investment. We are at a loss, therefore, to understand what Mr. Biddulph really wants to do.—ED., THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM.]

THE FEAR OF PEACE.

SIR,—I have read with great interest your excellent article on this subject.

In addition to the quotations you make from Macaulay and Mr. McKenna, there is the dictum of a statesman (not a Liberal) which is very pertinent.

When, some twenty years ago, Mr. Balfour was seeking to mitigate the effects of Joseph Chamberlain's "raging and tearing" tariff propaganda, he said (at the Cutlers' Dinner at Sheffield, I think it was) that there was no greater mistake than to suppose that because one country, A, was doing well, it was necessarily bad for another country, B.

Keeping in mind that at the time A. J. B. was preserving—with great difficulty, but wonderful adroitness—a non-committal attitude, we are justified in the belief that the thought in his mind was essentially the same as that enshrined in Mr. McKenna's words: "We prosper as the world prospers; we decline as the world declines." Lack of grip on fundamental truths is undoubtedly the explanation of the late Government's weakness.—Yours, &c.,

J. E. McLACHLAN.

December 10th, 1923.

POETRY

HOMMAGE À MENDELSSOHN.

PLAY me the languishing "Prelude in A flat";
And muse, while sentiment pervades the strings,
Of Love's macassar-oiled Magnificat
Wafting the world on Mendelssohnian wings.
Scorn not mild mid-Victorian hearts unloaded
Of universal yearnings; thus they sighed. . . .
Think, too, how we ourselves may be outmoded,—
Shorn of our psycho-analytic pride.

Those sinking chords can charm us and assuage
With amiable concinnity of style;
So let us welcome them for what they're worth.
(Still gazing steadfast toward that epic age
When boudoir beauty shall no more beguile
And sentiment be elbowed off the earth.)

FELIX STATIC.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

GOSSIP AND HISTORY.

MR. JOHN BERESFORD, who recently published the excellent edition of Charles Cotton's poems, now gives us an amusing little book with the title "Gossip of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries" (Cobden-Sanderson. 8s. 6d.). He tells us in his prefatory note that he uses the word "gossip" in the "New English Dictionary" sense of "easy, restrained talk or writing, especially about persons or social events." Memoirs, diaries, and letters are the back-stairs of history, and it is by lingering and loitering on them that one picks up historical gossip. In this way, Mr. Beresford in six chapters gives us what he calls the human side of history in a series of glimpses at the lives of a few men and women from the grim, cold January 30th, 1649, through the last half of the seventeenth century to the reign of Queen Anne. The lives selected by him are those of Charles I., the younger John Donne, Anne Hyde, the Coke family in the reign of Queen Anne, and "holy Mr. Herbert." It so happens that another book, just published, carries us back to the back-stairs of 1590 and then, by giving us a taste of the gossip of the next eighty-six years, joins up with Mr. Beresford's period. We owe this book to Miss V. Sackville-West, who has edited, with an introduction, "The Diary of the Lady Anne Clifford" (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.).

BOTH these books are extraordinarily entertaining, if only because on the back-stairs of history people are, for the most part, much more alive than in the council chambers and on the battlefields where they are introduced to us by the solemn historian. It may be silly or sentimental, but nothing makes me feel that the dead and the past were once living so much as the casual picture or recollection in a diary, a biography, or an old letter. When, for instance, Mr. Beresford quotes from a seventeenth-century diary: "Concerning the late our Gracious Sovereign to this day I remember, that came at night as I was wont from St. Paul's schole I found the good old Man" (the diarist's grandfather) "all in tears as who truly thought the Glory was departed from our Israel," we get, through that vision of the small boy walking, on the evening of January 30th, 1649, from St. Paul's Churchyard to London Wall, and finding the old man "all in tears," a sudden and unexpected sense of the reality of history which our schoolmasters and historians have usually succeeded in eliminating from our minds. And is it only sentimentality which makes one think that the year 1700 has become more real when one reads in the letters of Lady Mary Coke to her husband, the Vice-Chamberlain to the Household of Queen Anne and of George I.?

"Lady Baltimore is dead. Lord Anglesey very ill of a complication of diseases: his girl likely now to live, and do well. Poor Mrs. Creed, that was so ill, says 'tis for love of that filthy fellow Colonel Rols: they endeavour to make her believe he is dead. Staring Creed is come back, and has brought with him for rarities a Marmoset and a parrot . . ."

or this from the country to Thomas Coke, "at his house in St. James's Place, London"?

"My sisters and I being now alone, we sit working all day long in their room, and sup there sometimes, musing in the fire, till our eyes are burnt out of our heads, and then that moves my spleen to laugh to think if any of our town acquaintances could see us. I believe if I were dying I could not help a jocosse now and then; but 'tis now a fortnight since my dear went, and I flatter myself that in one month more perhaps my happiness may appear here in you. . . . Adieu, my dear; make me happy as soon as you can, for with you I have no doubts nor fears: and without you there never was, nor never can be, any real satisfaction to her who is most faithfully, my dearest, ever yours."

or the note from Lord Chesterfield, the father of Lady

Mary Coke and the grandfather of the great Lord Chesterfield, complaining that the north-east winds—

"have blasted many of my young bearing peach trees, which I believe is almost as great a disappointment to me, who do only pretend to be a gardener, as the missing of a place at Court is to the Lord F., who I hear will not stick at any price to get one."

* * *

MR. BERESFORD says somewhere in his book that it is quite easy for a man of to-day to talk with his ancestors of Queen Anne's day, but that, if you go a little further back, you will find it more difficult to gossip with seventeenth- and sixteenth-century ghosts. But is it? Turn to Miss Sackville-West's fascinating book. Her ancestress, the Lady Anne Clifford, Countess of Dorset, Pembroke, and Montgomery, daughter of the Earl of Cumberland who had been not the least famous of Elizabeth's piratical adventurers, wife first of Richard Sackville, Earl of Dorset, and then of Philip Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, even after three centuries remains a most terrible and awe-inspiring great lady. No doubt she lived in an age more iron than our own, as you may see from a casual entry in her diary in 1603, when she was thirteen years old, for she mentions that she and her mother were travelling from *Tittinhamer* to *Rockingham Castle* to meet the Queen, and finding that "my Aunt of *Warwick*" had gone on ahead—

"then my Mother and I went on our journey to overtake her and killed three horses that day with extremity of heat."

Whether it was the iron of the age or an individual steeliness which entered into the Lady Anne Clifford, she was a great lady of the most stubborn and autocratic spirit, and went through her long life of eighty-six years, as Miss Sackville-West says, permanently embattled. The story of the quarrels with her two husbands, and of her stubborn defiance of King James, half the Court, and an Archbishop, must be read in this little book: one may read here, too, how at last she retired to her beloved North, where she tyrannized over her tenants, defied Cromwell, insulted Charles II., built almshouses, fought innumerable lawsuits, and where, as she writes herself:—

"In these three ancient houses of mine inheritance, Anleby Castle and Brougham Castle in Westmoreland, and Skipton Castle in Craven, I do more and more fall in love with the contentments of a country life."

Yes, if ever there were a seventeenth-century ghost with whom one might find it a little difficult to gossip, it would seem to be the metallic ghost of Lady Anne. And yet open the diary and you will find at once that any such idea is moonshine, for here is the kind of gossip which Lady Anne Clifford, Countess of Dorset, is recording in her diary for March, 1617:—

"Upon the 5th Couch nuppi'd in the morning. The 8th I made an end of reading Exodus with Mr. Ran. After supper I play'd at Glecko with the Steward and as I often do after dinner and supper. . . ."

"The 11th we perceived the Child had two great teeth come out so that in all she now had 18. I went in the afternoon and said my prayers in the Standing in the garden and spent my time in reading and working as I used to do. The time grew tedious so as I used to go to bed about 8 o'clock and did lie a-bed till 8 the next morning. Upon the 12th I wrote to my Lord, to Sir Walter Raleigh, Marsh, &c."

LEONARD WOOLF.

REVIEWS

RACE PROBLEMS IN THE NEW AFRICA.

Race Problems in the New Africa. By the Rev. W. C. WILLOUGHBY, F.R.A.L., F.R.G.S. (Oxford: Clarendon Press. 15s.)

THE writer of this book—the Rev. W. C. Willoughby—has been, apparently, a member of the London Missionary Society who, at a time that may be called remote, worked for that Mission in Unyamwezi and possibly on Tanganyika. If the chance reference he makes to this time is correctly understood, his service in East Africa coincided with his present reviewer's exploration of Kilimanjaro in 1884. He also refers to experiences in Polynesia and in New Guinea, presumably for the same Missionary Society; at a much later date he became the principal of the L.M.S. Native Institution at Tiger Kloof in South Africa; and finally joined as a Professor the Kennedy School of Missions at Hartford in Connecticut, United States. If the reviewer has drawn the right deductions, therefore, he is considering a work on Negro Africa written by an observer whose experience of the Dark Continent is nearly as old as his own.

But Mr. Willoughby has apparently not seen as much of Africa as his reviewer; he does not seem to know the West Coast region, the Congo regions, or North Africa; and he seems to be without experience of the Niger Basin. The freshest, most convincing part of his work comes from a study of the South African Bantu.

In South Africa he has been led into an erroneous distinction, based on little or no serious evidence, between the South African Negro, who speaks Bantu languages, and other Negro tribes to the north and west, whose languages do not (it is guessed) belong to that well-marked group. This assumption—carried out in the first of his clearly drawn sketch-maps—is an exploded one. It originated some fifty, sixty years ago in southernmost Africa. Here the Boers had started in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries by enslaving the Hottentot and importing a large number of Makua slaves from Moçambique. Later on, joined by the British, they attempted to bring down more Negro slaves from the Congo coast, and to impose somewhat servile conditions on such Zulu-Kafirs as came under their control.

Then, in the 'thirties of the last century, the British Government, which had become mistress of southernmost Africa, had a complete revolution of conscience; declared slavery at an end, and spent some twenty millions of pounds compensating slave-owners in the West Indies, and a much less sum—a million and a quarter—forcing the South African Boers to give freedom to their Hottentot, Makua, Malay, and Kafir serfs. It is said that from this meagre sum paid to Boer slave-owners arose one of the first Dutch grievances against the incoming British Government.

But it is a mistake, an exploded one, to attempt to draw a physical distinction between the Negroes who speak Bantu languages and those tribes who have other forms of speech. Firstly, there is the great group of the Semi-Bantu tongues. These are found continuously with the Bantu in West-Central Africa (Camerouns); extend far into Eastern Nigeria; thence to Togoland near the Gold Coast; and appear once more in Portuguese Guinea, Sierra Leone, and in the Eastern basin of the Gambia.

As regards physique, there is no definite "Bantu" type associated with these prefix-governed languages. Some of the speakers of Bantu tongues are Congo pygmies; others are tall, handsome, Gala-like people; large numbers are of an average Negro type that may be matched in many parts of West Africa; others, again, are half-Hottentot, or are tinged with an ancient Semitic or Hamitic infusion of blood.

The Bushman, of course, comes nearest to being a distinct and peculiar type of man in South Africa (Hottentots of the two types of Namakwa and Korana are little else than ancient hybrids between East African Negroes and Bushmen). But the Bushmen are essentially Negroes, though in some directions they have specialized. There are suggestions in the heart of what was once German East Africa of the continued existence (still speaking a Bushman tongue) of a Bushman tribe of utter savages (the Kindiga), and close by

of the semi-Hottentot Sandawi people. There is slight evidence of the existence of Bushmen having continued in Moçambique and south-east Nyasaland down as late as the sixteenth and early nineteenth centuries. Some of the Bushmen's physical features even recur in the population of Egypt; though the pictures drawn by the Dynastic Egyptians of the Pygmy Negro tribes of the Nile Delta eight thousand years ago are far more suggestive of the Congo Pygmy type. This, let it be remembered, is quite distinct from the Bushman; almost the opposite form of Negro variation. Except that both are specimens of the Negro sub-species, they are very different one from the other—have no near relationship. Their ancient distribution, however, converged on or emerged from North-East Africa; but the Bushman range, viewed in the reverse, seems to have lain to the east of Nile-land and of the Nile, though the Congo Pygmy type appears to have crossed it somewhere in eastern equatorial Africa, to have left traces to the south-west of Abyssinia, and have begun somewhere in Egypt.

Mr. Willoughby is wrong in assuming (as he appears to do) that the Bushman is the oldest human type in South Africa. Since he left the local study of that region there have been further discoveries in south central (Kafue Valley) and southernmost Africa (Cape Colony) which have readjusted our ideas and added to the puzzle. One of the most amazing finds in the history of anthropological research was made in a vast cavern near the Broken Hill Mine, in Northern Rhodesia, about two years ago. Here were revealed the skull and fragments of limb-bones of two skeletons belonging, not to any kind of Negro, but to a human type closely related to the Man of Neanderthal, and possessing slight indications of an approach to the Australoid, to the lowest, most apelike form of *Homo sapiens*. This has been decided to constitute a separate human species, *Homo rhodesiensis*. In some of the lowest bone-yielding strata of Cape Colony there have been found recently imperfect human remains, apparently belonging to the same Neanderthaloid type of *Homo rhodesiensis*.

Besides this, other finds have been made in South Africa—the Boshof skull, the Strandlooper skulls, neither of which types is Negro. The Strandloopers of Cape Colony, indeed, suggest an affinity with the first men of modern *sapiens* type found in Europe—the Cro-Magnon palaeolithic people of France and Southern Europe.

This evidence is slight in volume, but it is very significant; and the absence of any allusion to it in the book under review a little discounts the value of Mr. Willoughby's survey, at any rate as regard the far past. With this exception, the book impresses one very favourably. It summarizes for the reader—as it professes to do—the race problems in the New Africa, if the term "New Africa" is to be taken to mean Africa of the Bantu languages, Central Africa from the Bantu boundary in North Congoland down to the coast of Cape Colony and Natal. It shows the inherent weaknesses of the Black man; the intricate system by which, outside Christianity, his social relationships are governed; his readiness to learn; his still unshattered belief in the White man; his physical vigour; his spent purposes, fits of lassitude in regular work, sensuality, inherent cheerfulness, petty vanities; much about him, indeed, that appeals to many a missionary as "lovable."

There is very little "sulkiness" about the South African Negro, less even in regard to the Bantu than with the Hottentot or Bushman. When the truth is told there remains in the summing-up of inter-racial relationships a balance against the South African White man in the history of the last hundred years. History, when truly stated, will show him to have treated the Bushman, Hottentot, and Bantu Negro with some harshness and a lack of sympathy.

And at the same time the political wisdom of the British Government and its representatives in South Africa has sometimes been wanting. Between 1835 and 1870 many mistakes were made, action was taken too late or too little supported. Take the case of Basutoland. This South African Switzerland, with very little native population in 1835, should have been reserved as a special home for Boer and Briton. Immigrant Bechuana, fleeing before the attacking Zulus, should have been settled (and protected) elsewhere. When they had got a great hold over this Alpine country we proceeded to try and turn them out, were bested and out-

manned, and desisted. Now there are a million Basuto, a vigorous new people, established in what should have been the White Man's South African Empire State. On the other hand, in the nearer past, the Zulus of Natal and Zululand and some of their outlying kindred in Matebeleland have not always received fair treatment, though it is only just to add that under direct British rule the native population of Natal has increased enormously, and that both Matebele Zulus and the 800,000 Karanga of Mashonaland now seem contented and protected from spoliation. The Germans, the military governors of German South-West Africa, treated the *Ovo-herero* (the Damaras) with singular obtusity and harshness, and in savagely conducted wars reduced their numbers by more than one-half. The incoming Government of the South African Union apparently fell foul of the miserable little colonies in Namakwaland of Hottentots or Hottentot half-breeds. But the Bechuana tribes of central South Africa, between the Zambezi, the Orange and the Limpopo, have received kind and sympathetic treatment, thanks largely to the character of their great chief Khama, whose long life stretched from the days of the White man's first peerings into Bechuanaland to the post-war period of 1922.

Viewed from a distance of time, the general treatment of the Bantu Negroes of South Africa by the White man—Boer and Briton, and the mingled South African nation of to-day—cannot be said to have been bad, seeing, amongst other things, the great increase which has taken place in a hundred years in the indigenous Negro population. Correctly estimated, this is probably now nearing ten millions, if the Northern Zambezan territories be classed with the South African States. The old Boer recalcitrance about admitting the Negro to a status of citizenship is dying out; the indifference of the international companies engaged in diamond-mining, gold-mining, and other eager industries of Kimberley and the Transvaal towards the welfare and education of their Negro employees is giving way, in some cases has long given way, to a hearty co-operation with missionary-teachers like Mr. Willoughby to make the conditions of work and pay conducive to the rise and improvement of the Black Man.

H. H. JOHNSTON.

WINTER SPORTS.

Snow and Ice Sports. By ELON JESSUP. (Dent. 7s. 6d.)

Ski-ing. By Major G. BAILLIE. (Selwyn & Blount. 3s. 6d.)

MR. JESSUP, who is a citizen of the United States, has written a most complete manual of winter sports, for not only does he deal with the usual sports, such as ski-ing, skating, tobogganing, and curling, but he also describes the delights of ice-fishing, ice-boat sailing, scootering, and sailing on skates. However, these last are not of much use to English sportsmen, who, almost invariably, go to Switzerland or Scandinavia. The chapters on ski-ing are quite good, though not nearly as thorough as the writings of Mr. Caulfield and Mr. Arnold Lunn. The great question is, Can anyone learn the proper balance of the body, in ski-ing down precipitous slopes, from a detailed written description? I believe not; and therefore Mr. Jessup does well to give only simple directions. His diagrams are very good, especially the one on page 53, illustrating the telemark swing. He does not, perhaps, give enough importance to the Christiania, which is the one vital turn for cross-country running, and he does not mention the lifted stem, which is the neatest and most graceful form of the stemming turn. His advice on kit and equipment is absolutely sound.

Every ski-runner must accustom himself from the start to carrying a ruck-sack with changes of raiment. When climbing, one must strip almost to the bare buff, and when one has reached the top of the mountain it is difficult to have enough warm clothing. All forms of waterproof garments are disastrous, for what keeps moisture out keeps it in, and you suffer much more from unevaporated perspiration than from any penetration of melted snow.

In the chapter on "the fundamentals of figure-skating" there is no mention at all of free skating, which, surely, is the all-important thing in skating. I have always regarded the school figures as five-finger exercises and scales, necessary to train the balance and poise of the body for free

skating, which should be the poetry of motion. Many, many books have been written on the Continental style of skating, and there is but one chapter in Mr. Jessup's book, so it is not surprising that some essentials have been left out. There is a description of ice-hockey and its rules, but it is not made clear enough what a glorious game this is. As played by the finest Canadian and American players, ice-hockey is actually a better game than polo, for it is just as fast, and there is not the element of inaccuracy brought in by the pony.

All those who love winter sports should keep Mr. Jessup's book on their shelves for reference. It has but one serious blemish, namely, that here and there are certain purple patches which should not occur in a book of sport, such as, for instance, "A few moments before, the heavily blanketed, rolling New England hills had been superb pinks and shimmering purples. With the death of the sun the hills had become a ghostly white once more." Sportsmen, in writing text-books, should inspire themselves from *Cæsar's* prose and cling to its simplicity and severity.

As a rule, in books on ski-ing the clearness of the diagrams helps to dispel, in the reader's mind, the fog of confusion which is brought about by the letterpress. In Major Baillie's little book the explanations of the turns are quite unusually confusing, and the illustrations, though clear, are few and far between. As an instance, I will quote a paragraph describing the position of the telemark:—

"The knee of the back leg should be bent so that it is almost touching the ski, and from the hip to the knee should form a right angle with the ski. Remembering these two angles in connection with the knee of advanced leg with regard to the ski, and also that of the back leg, and keeping the knee of the back leg close into the curve of the knee of the advanced leg, the position will be correct."

If anyone can understand the sentence in italics, he must be a Sherlock Holmes. Major Baillie has a fondness for the split infinitive; and why not? I have never been able to understand why a split indicative or a split participle is more desirable than a split infinitive; but, as there does seem to be a prejudice against it, it would be as well to use this form only for emphasis and not to let the reader suppose that it had slipped out unconsciously.

At the end of the book there are some excellent bedroom exercises to prepare one for ski-ing. At all sports I maintain that half the battle can be won by sham-fights in one's room before the looking-glass.

NEVILLE LYTTON.

JANE AUSTEN AT SIXTY.

The Works of Jane Austen. Five volumes. (Oxford: Clarendon Press. £5 5s.)

ANYBODY who has had the temerity to write about Jane Austen is aware of two facts: first, that of all great writers she is the most difficult to catch in the act of greatness; second, that there are twenty-five elderly gentlemen living in the neighbourhood of London who resent any slight upon her genius as if it were an insult offered to the chastity of their Aunts. It would be interesting, indeed, to inquire how much of her present celebrity Jane Austen owes to masculine sensibility; to the fact that her dress was becoming, her eyes bright, and her age the antithesis in all matters of female charm to our own. A companion inquiry might investigate the problem of George Eliot's nose; and decide how long it will be before the equine profile is once again in favour, and the Clarendon Press celebrates the genius of the author of "Middlemarch" in an edition as splendid, as authoritative, and as exquisitely illustrated as this.

But it is not mere cowardice that prompts us to say nothing of the six famous novels, which in their new edition will shortly be celebrated in these columns by another hand. It is impossible to say too much about the novels that Jane Austen did write; but enough attention perhaps has never yet been paid to the novels that Jane Austen did not write. Owing to the peculiar finish and perfection of her art, we tend to forget that she died at forty-two, at the height of her powers, still subject to all those changes which often make the final period of a writer's career the most interesting of all. Let us take "Persuasion," the last completed book, and look by its light at the novels that she might have written had she lived to be sixty. We do not

grudge it him, but her brother the Admiral lived to be ninety-one.

There is a peculiar dullness and a peculiar beauty in "Persuasion." The dullness is that which so often marks the transition stage between two different periods. The writer is a little bored. She has grown too familiar with the ways of her world. There is an asperity in her comedy which suggests that she has almost ceased to be amused by the vanities of a Sir Walter or the snobbery of a Miss Elliott. The satire is harsh, and the comedy crude. She is no longer so freshly aware of the amusements of daily life. Her mind is not altogether on her subject. But, while we feel that Jane Austen has done this before, and done it better, we also feel that she is trying to do something which she has never yet attempted. There is a new element in "Persuasion," a quality, perhaps, that made Dr. Whewell fire up and insist that it was "the most beautiful of her works." She is beginning to discover that the world is larger, more mysterious, and more romantic than she had supposed. We feel it to be true of herself when she says of Anne: "She had been forced into prudence in her youth, she learned romance as she grew older—the natural sequel of an unnatural beginning." She dwells frequently upon the beauty and the melancholy of nature. She talks of the "influence so sweet and so sad of autumnal months in the country." She marks "the tawny leaves and withered hedges." "One does not love a place the less because one has suffered in it," she observes. But it is not only in a new sensibility to nature that we detect the change. Her attitude to life itself is altered. She is seeing it, for the greater part of the book, through the eyes of a woman who, unhappy herself, has a special sympathy for the happiness and unhappiness of others, which, until the very end, she is forced to comment upon in silence. Therefore the observation is less of facts and more of feelings than is usual. There is an expressed emotion in the scene at the concert and in the famous talk about woman's constancy which proves not merely the biographical fact that Jane Austen had loved, but the aesthetic fact that she was no longer afraid to say so. Experience, when it was of a serious kind, had to sink very deep, and to be thoroughly disinfected by the passage of time, before she allowed herself to deal with it in fiction. But now, in 1817, she was ready. Outwardly, too, in her circumstances, a change was imminent. Her fame had grown very slowly. "I doubt," wrote Mr. Austen Leigh, "whether it would be possible to mention any other author of note whose personal obscurity was so complete." Had she lived a few more years only, all that would have been altered. She would have stayed in London, dined out, lunched out, met famous people, made new friends, read, travelled, and carried back to the quiet country cottage a hoard of observations to feast upon at leisure.

And what effect would all this have had upon the six novels that Jane Austen did not write? She would not have written of crime, of passion, or of adventure. She would not have been rushed by the importunity of publishers or the flattery of friends into slovenliness or insincerity. But she would have known more. Her sense of security would have been shaken. Her comedy would have suffered. She would have trusted less (this is already perceptible in "Persuasion") to dialogue and more to reflection to give us a knowledge of her characters. Those marvellous little speeches which sum up in a few minutes' chatter all that we need in order to know an Admiral Croft or a Mrs. Musgrove for ever, that shorthand, hit-or-miss method which contains chapters of analysis and psychology, would have become too crude to hold all that she now perceived of the complexity of human nature. She would have devised a method, clear and composed as ever, but deeper and more suggestive, for conveying not only what people say, but what they leave unsaid; not only what they are, but (if we may be pardoned the vagueness of the expression) what life is. She would have stood further away from her characters, and seen them more as a group, less as individuals. Her satire, while it played less incessantly, would have been more stringent and severe. She would have been the forerunner of Henry James and of Proust—but enough. Vain are these speculations: she died "just as she was beginning to feel confidence in her own success."

VIRGINIA WOOLF.

NEW NOVELS.

The Imperturbable Duchess, and other Stories. By J. D. BERESFORD. (Collins. 7s. 6d.)

Smoke Rings. By G. B. STERN. (Chapman & Hall. 7s. 6d.)

When It was June. By ALICE LOWTHER. (Hogarth Press. 4s.)

Antic Hay. By ALDOUS HUXLEY. (Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d.)

Doomsland. By SHANE LESLIE. (Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d.)

I CONFESS that I found the "Author's Advice" with which Mr. Beresford prefaces his "Imperturbable Duchess" not a little disconcerting. I do not know why the discussion of literature from a frankly commercial standpoint should produce upon me so depressing and even paralyzing an effect, but this is invariably what happens. It ought, one would think, to be most inspiring to learn that "any writer of reasonable intelligence" can produce a short story for which he will be paid £200, if only he will trouble to master those tricks of the trade which elicit from a fair reader the words "How cute!" after she has turned the last page. It ought, I say, to be cheering; but somehow to me it is not, partly, no doubt, because it suggests that I am devoid of reasonable intelligence, but more, I think, because it really is rather tragic that the cost of living should make the questions Mr. Beresford discusses so important. And for some of us his advice will be less helpful than tantalizing. I am persuaded that, were I to try till doomsday, I should still remain unable to extract from even the friendliest reader the words "How cute!" The consequence, at any rate, of Mr. Beresford's preface, was that I read his own stories with a mind alive to nothing but the discovery of "cuteness," of trade secrets, and, when I passed to the tales of "Smoke Rings," this unnatural detective instinct cast a blight of artificiality over that volume also—the very list of the journals which had accepted the stories being enough, by now, to arouse suspicion. Well, I can vouch for it that the professional element is absent from Mrs. Alice Lowther's "When It was June." The five tales in this slender little book are innocent of "tricks"; the first and the last are excellent tales, and all are interesting.

It is with relief, nevertheless, that I turn from the treacherous *conte* to the novel proper, and particularly to so individual and uncompromising a novel as "Antic Hay." Mr. Aldous Huxley obviously writes to please himself. His art is delicate, ironic, sophisticated, and slightly bookish, but it has its roots firmly planted in life; it expresses sincerely Mr. Huxley's reaction to life. "Antic Hay" is not perfect; one does not need to be old-fashioned to feel that certain remarks made by Coleman (on pp. 58 and 232, for instance) would have been as well left unreported; also the tailor and the trousers become a little boring; but if for nothing else than the superb writing of Chapter XV. the book would be worth possessing. That chapter, which marks the climax of the story, is masterly. Never, to me at least, have an utter weariness and disillusionment of sense and spirit been conveyed so overwhelmingly. The effect, following on all the lightness and gaiety and wit that have hitherto seemed the very substance of the book, is indescribable. Comedy on the instant is turned to tragedy—none the less real because everybody behaves as if it were comedy still. It is a part of the episode of Emily, which, with extraordinary subtlety, Mr. Huxley has introduced only as an episode, while making it the most vital thing in his story. Emily is a stroke of genius. That beautiful figure gives the whole novel its significance, is the touchstone for everything it contains; establishes, as it were, a kind of moral perspective, and refutes definitely any charge of cynicism that might be brought against the author. Mr. Huxley will write a better book than "Antic Hay," but in "Antic Hay" there is better work than any he had done before. It reveals a fineness of intelligence and a sense of beauty that raise our highest hopes, while the portraits of Emily and Lypiatt and Mrs. Viveash show that Mr. Huxley's realization of character has broadened and deepened since he wrote "Crome Yellow."

Odd are the tricks played by memory; odd it is to find Mr. Shane Leslie, who has plenty of imagination of his own, towards the end of "Doomsland" unconsciously echoing one of the most famous scenes in all fiction—the scene in which the Extreme Unction is administered to Emma Bovary. "Doomsland" is a vivid and graphic, if somewhat overcrowded, piece of work, wherein contemporary Irish history

and politics occupy at least as prominent a place as the story of the Deluce family. One gets, indeed, the impression that the wealth of Mr. Leslie's material has proved embarrassing, and that in his desire to present a comprehensive *milieu* he has sacrificed something of the private history of Richard Deluce. It is a pity, because the simpler country scenes have a charm far rarer and more valuable than the satirical comedy in which, under the thinnest of disguises, various well-known persons figure.

FORREST REID.

A DEVON WORTHY.

Life of General the Right Hon. Sir Redvers Buller, V.C.
By Colonel C. H. MELVILLE. 2 vols. (Arnold. 32s.)

PRIVATE papers, and indeed all paper whatever that has been impressed with types or travelled by the pen, are among the dilemmas of existence. Preserve them, and they become a voluminous threat, a silent oppression to the conscience, an everlasting something "to be attended to." Destroy them, and, though you may convince yourself that all is well, others will remember your action with ingratitude. Perhaps General Buller's accumulations of memoranda would not have yielded a vast amount of history fit to live; he was, for example, no sturdy diarist. But one must regret that he largely obliterated the current comments which he had made or received upon so varied and spectacular a career. The fact has given Colonel Melville scarcely any choice but to deem himself an official biographer, to work in an atmosphere of "great and good," and to maintain a style clear but arid.

One hears, or used to hear, the phrase "the peace-time army." Has such a thing ever flourished? Redvers Buller was commissioned in 1858, and two years later was part of the little war in China. For some time after this he served under Colonel Hawley, a regimental commander of remarkable circumspection and power, in Canada; and in 1870 he commanded a company in the Red River expedition. This campaign was a vivid one. The troops, who had struggled up perilous rivers in boats (at this kind of navigation Buller was a master), at last took Fort Garry in a rainstorm through "thick, sticky, slippery black mud." It was at this time that Wolseley, who was in command, realized Buller's calibre. Soon afterwards, when Buller was on leave from the Staff College, and had deliberately "lost himself" in France, he twice dreamed that Wolseley wanted him. He returned to London just in time to join Wolseley, who had been hunting for him, on the Ashanti excursion. Here the fighting was as much against tropical difficulties as against an enemy. Buller's fund of endurance was immense, but we see that he needed every atom of it. In 1878 and 1879 he was leading the scratch "Frontier Light Horse" in South Africa. The campaign made his name. He had some rough gentry under him, but he shaped them into a successful force; he won the Victoria Cross. His dislike for war correspondents showed itself now. The first Boer War, which followed quickly, found him confronted with some of his light horse of the Kafir and Zulu operations. And in 1882 his honeymoon was interrupted by trouble in Egypt. There he was able to write that in fighting "he became just as if he were aerated."

Yet there was to be an interval for him. Having taken a prominent part in the overthrow of the Mahdi in 1884, and carried out a most troublesome retreat during the Khartoum affair, he came home for War Office employment. This he held, with the exception of his brief and benevolent work in Ireland, for ten years. His chief achievement at Whitehall was the founding of the Army Service Corps. One wishes that this stalwart student of supply could have seen the strings of lorries thundering up the *pavé* highways of Flanders.

In 1899 he was prepared, by Lansdowne, to take command of the army in South Africa. It was a numerical problem, far more imposing than any of his earlier commands. Apart from the manipulation of his own 70,000, he had to face the worst of the situation. The Boers had moved with the promptitude of the "home team," and Sir George White was locked in at Ladysmith. The sequel

is still fresh in mind. After relieving Ladysmith (by way of the none too gentle Tugela) and helping to break up the regular warfare of the Boers, Buller returned to England, to be attacked by some parts of the Press, in which quarter he had doubtless sown enmities. He replied at a public luncheon, apparently on a momentary impulse, and for this departure from discipline was deprived of his command. In 1906 he retired, and in 1908 he died.

These are the brief outlines of Colonel Melville's lengthy story. We have mentioned that his scope is practically restricted to the public life of Buller, but such more intimate touches as he allows are excellent. It is a little sad, but decidedly kindly, to catch sight of Buller at last out of the hurly-burly, amusing his leisure on his Devonshire estate; or at the Derby; or collecting clocks and all kinds of dictionaries. On the literary side, Buller is a figure who arouses curiosity. He was given to "the music of words"; he took Charles Lamb ("a great favourite") upon his war-paths; and he liked the society of literary and artistic people—among them Andrew Lang, Mr. Hardy, and Mr. Gosse. His acquaintance with such distinguished writers is quickly passed by in Colonel Melville's pages, but not satisfactorily—we feel we are missing a means of understanding Buller. Mr. Gosse wrote a study of Buller in 1900 which would have helped to provide this.

E. B.

LIBERAL FUNDAMENTALS.

The New Way Series.—1. *The New Liberalism.* By RAMSAY MUIR. 2. *The Budget of 1933.* By W. T. LAYTON. 3. *Why I am not a Socialist.* By the Hon. R. H. BRAND. 4. *Houses for All.* By E. D. SIMON. 5. *Property and Inheritance.* By HENRY CLAY. 6. *The Ebb and Flow of Unemployment.* By D. H. ROBERTSON. ("Daily News." 6d. each.)

THE "Daily News" has performed a valuable service by reprinting, in an attractive form and at the reasonable price of 6d. apiece, a selection of the addresses delivered last summer before the Liberal Summer School at Cambridge. The rainbow hues in which these slim little volumes are decked symbolize the variety of the topics treated and the diversity of the temperaments of the distinguished authors. The white light of Liberalism is, as it were, broken up into a spectrum, ranging from the infra-red of Mr. Brand's attack on the follies of Socialism to the ultra-violet of Mr. Clay's attack on the "sacredness" of the rights of property. "The New Way Series" is not electioneering literature, but a contribution to the development of Liberal thought, which will repay study now that we have leisure to turn again to less urgent issues.

Mr. Brand's "Why I am not a Socialist," while labelled No. 3 of "The New Way Series," is perhaps in logical order the first. Why bother about a Liberal social policy when so attractive and thoroughgoing (if not always self-consistent) a scheme of reorganization lies ready to hand in the Socialism of the other half of His Majesty's Opposition? Mr. Brand puts his finger with sympathy and discernment on the flaws and injustices in our economic system which lead men to embrace Socialism; and then, after recapitulating the evidence for our collective poverty, pours water of a deadly coldness on the Collectivist solution. He admits the vagueness of his own constructive proposals: perhaps some will find him a little over-insistent on the rights of Capital,—a little ungenerous in his suggestion that it is only by becoming a capitalist that the worker can acquire the right to an improved status in industry. But his combination of acute reasoning power with ripe, practical wisdom, is invaluable in clearing the ground.

Mr. Ramsay Muir in "The New Liberalism" restates for us the meaning of Liberalism, in sentences which are always justly and carefully phrased, and often tinged with genuine eloquence. "It is the business of the State to create the conditions in which human faculty can freely flourish." "Liberty is not a merely negative thing, a mere absence of restraints: it is a positive thing, the existence of a real opportunity to make the most and

the best of our powers." Such is the tone and the temper of this fine address. Security of livelihood, a reasoned reinterpretation of the rights of property, the promotion of individual self-mastery through communal enterprise in measures of health and education, the need for "abundant opportunity for those who have the capacity for leadership to win and wield the leadership they deserve,"—these are some of the topics which Mr. Muir weaves skilfully into his presentation of the Liberal ideal.

Mr. Clay's "Property and Inheritance" forms a stepping-stone between the philosophical addresses already noticed and those which deal with more concrete and specific problems. Mr. Clay emphasizes the change in the nature of property which has been caused by the rise of the joint-stock company: a title to the receipt of income, rather than the exclusive possession of particular objects, has become the predominant form of property right. In discussing the justifications for private property, Mr. Clay awards the palm to the argument that "it affords a basis of personal independence in a society, the economic and political organization of which tends to crush personal independence." The force of the argument, he admits, is much weakened by the extreme inequality in the distribution of property, and the latter part of his address is devoted to a study of the possible methods of reducing this inequality, whether by inheritance taxes or by direct limitations on the rights of inheritance and bequest. While Mr. Brand holds, with Mr. and Mrs. Webb, that "a nation which chooses private property chooses inequality," Mr. Clay will have none of this pessimistic conclusion, but places his hope in a far wider diffusion of property rights. Mr. Clay has broken courageously into a too long neglected field.

In "Houses for All," Mr. E. D. Simon brings a balanced judgment and a store of experience to bear upon a difficult question of urgent practical importance. A useful summary of the recent history and present facts of the housing problem is followed by a whole-hearted plea for the importance of cheap housing, and an equally emphatic insistence on the need for restoring confidence to labour and to private capital in order to attract them into the trade. Mr. Simon finds the solution of the familiar dilemma thus created in the policy of exempting all new houses from what he calls "personal" rates (i.e., rates for education, poor relief, &c.), the deficiency in local finance being made up by a tax on site values and, if necessary, by grants in aid. The merits of this policy, from the point of view both of justice and expediency, are most persuasively expounded.

In his masterly little "Budget for 1933," Mr. Layton applies the principles of Liberalism to the problems of National Finance. There is a refreshing optimism about his conclusions. A sound policy would, he thinks, enable us by 1933 to increase our annual expenditure on social sources by £20 millions, as well as making grants of £30 millions to local authorities in relief of rates on houses. The programme includes a regrading of the income-tax, an increase of death-duties, the discovery of new luxury taxes, the reduction not only of the tea and sugar taxes, but of beer and tobacco taxes (on which Mr. Layton regards us as dangerously dependent), and a sinking-fund arrangement calculated to dispose of the war-debt in eighty-five years. Mr. Layton's calculations are based on the assumption (among others) that military expenditure can be decreased to its pre-war money amount, and if in this and other respects they seem a trifle optimistic, it must be remembered that they are intended not as a prophecy but as a prescription. One of the most interesting passages is that in which Mr. Layton rightly emphasizes the *inexpensiveness* of several of the more important items of Liberal social policy, such as a National Industrial Council and machinery for the control of Trusts.

Mr. D. H. Robertson in "The Ebb and Flow of Unemployment" deals with "the trade cycle," to which he attributes, "at any rate in a very large degree," "unemployment, with all that it means of suffering and demoralization—the fear of unemployment, with all that it means of grudging work and hampered progress—profiteering, the sudden enrichment of small groups for

no sufficient service rendered, with all that it means of social friction and embitterment." He gives a remarkably vivid and yet penetrating account of the underlying significance of the phenomena of booms and slumps, which must be read in full to be appreciated. He suggests that a great deal might reasonably be done to secure steadier trade by the corporate actions of large industries, and even by the independent actions of individual business men, who would be well advised in their own self-interest to show more courage in "pitting their policy against the trade cycle." But he calls attention to the fact that the employer, with whom the decisions rest, has not so great an interest in stability as the worker, and urges "unemployment insurance by industries," largely in order to remove this disharmony. The monetary aspect of the problem is to be dealt with in a later pamphlet; and Mr. Robertson contents himself with emphasizing its fundamental importance. To master the trade cycle is, he concludes, "the most important constructive task to which Liberalism can set its hand."

TWO VIEWS OF ST. FRANCIS.

St. Francis of Assisi. By G. K. CHESTERTON. "The People's Library." (Hodder & Stoughton. 2s. 6d.)

Followers of St. Francis. By LAURENCE HOUSMAN. (Sidgwick & Jackson. 5s.)

MR. CHESTERTON (such at least is his avowed aim) looks at St. Francis in the light of to-day; Mr. Housman, on the other hand, looks at to-day in the light of St. Francis. The two authors represent the extreme poles of vision from which the most lovable of the saints may be regarded. It is true that Mr. Chesterton is not so consistently controversial in this brilliant little volume as he has been in most of his recent books. He confesses that he fell in love with St. Francis while yet a boy, and in his earlier pages he recaptures something of the straightforward enthusiasm of youth. Then, however, he remembers that he is a Catholic, and suddenly realizes with horror that his praise of St. Francis may be taken to imply sympathy with "pacifists and prigs." From that moment the simple figure of the saint becomes lost in a fog-screen of argument and dogma—as his simplicity was, indeed, lost when the Roman Church formally adopted him and his followers for its own. Mr. Chesterton's book thus reflects what, in Mr. Housman's view, is one of the great tragedies of history.

Sometimes, when Mr. Chesterton's prejudices are seriously aroused, he does not trouble to argue; he just asserts. Thus, having himself painted a delightful picture of the true St. Francis, he cuts it, as it were, to shreds in one of his quixotic moods by declaring that the converted Francis would in certain circumstances, which merely failed to occur, have taken up arms. But, as a rule, Mr. Chesterton's method is a little subtler, and is well illustrated by his chapter entitled "The Mirror of Christ." If, he urges, we may tell what Francis was like by looking at Christ, we can tell what Christ was like by looking at Francis. This fact, he contends, is "a highly forcible argument for the authority of Christ being continuous in the Catholic Church," for "if men find certain riddles and hard sayings in the story of Galilee, and if they find the answers to those riddles in the story of Assisi, it really does show that a secret has been handed down in one religious tradition and no other."

For the rest, Mr. Chesterton's endeavour to see St. Francis in the light of to-day amounts merely to an argument that, as the gulf between science and the supernatural is now being bridged, it becomes possible to regard the "miracles" of Francis, not as legends, but as facts. It is far more important, in Mr. Chesterton's opinion, that we should accept as truth the story of Francis and the Stigmata than that we should strive to recapture the spirit of that simplest and gentlest and sweetest of men. Mr. Chesterton, indeed, has small sympathy with those who would see in St. Francis an example to be followed, as is witnessed by his conclusion of the whole matter. Referring to the time when the Pope had to settle the question whether Christendom should absorb Francis or Francis Christendom, Mr. Chesterton says that "he decided rightly, apart from the

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duties of his office; for the Church could include all that was good in the Franciscans, and the Franciscans could not include all that was good in the Church."

Mr. Housman takes the directly opposite view. It is true that, in the first of his four short plays, we see St. Francis actually craving of the Pope an Indulgence for the Portiuncula. But the whole point of the little drama is to show that, while Francis had no thought of questioning the system of indulgences that was a thing well established by Church rule, he wished to clear it of abuse and to infuse into the dead bones of Church government the breath of a vital spirituality and a universal love. Mr. Housman has brought to these new plays of St. Francis all the delicate sympathy and restraint that characterized his former and larger volume. Unlike Mr. Chesterton, he is never didactic. None the less, he writes as one who has a "concern." He is obsessed with the divorce between official and true Christianity, and implicit throughout his pages is the suggestion that in the spirit of St. Francis, and in that alone, there is hope of healing and of peace for a broken and distracted world.

GILBERT THOMAS.

"TO BE PYRAMIDALLY EXTANT."

The Tomb of Tut-ankh-Amen. By HOWARD CARTER and A. C. MACE. Vol. I. (Cassell. 31s. 6d.)

Tutankhamen, and Other Essays. By ARTHUR WEIGALL. (Thornton Butterworth. 15s.)

The Tomb of Tutankhamen. By JEAN CAPART. Translated by WARREN R. DAWSON. (Allen & Unwin. 4s. 6d.)

Of these three, or rather four, writers, M. Capart, the Belgian, gives the supreme moment of discovery the most dramatically: "Lord Carnarvon and Mr. Howard Carter found themselves before the still walled-up doorway of the royal cave. After having made an opening in it, the latter thrust a candle in it and gazed, trying to pierce the darkness. What a moment! Had the hiding-place already been visited by plunderers who leave nothing behind but the most deplorable wreckage? And Lord Carnarvon murmured, 'Is there anything there?' After a silence which must have seemed interminable, Mr. Howard Carter answered, 'There are marvels here.'" M. Capart writes throughout in a white heat of excitement which admirably reproduces the atmosphere at Luxor at the time of the discovery, and is not as much spoilt as a quieter style would be by a careless translation.

Mr. Carter's book, written in collaboration with Mr. Mace, is, of course, the official history. It is written as a man of action would write—enthusiastically, modestly, and rather slangily—and recapitulates the events which were chronicled in the "Times" last year. The most valuable things in it are his detailed descriptions of objects found in the first room—the ante-chamber—and the magnificent photographs taken by Mr. Burton. So clear are these that the hieroglyphs on the fourth archway in a corridor can be traced, and the anguish and ferocity on the faces of wounded lions, an inch long, on a painted casket, are as distinct as if the creatures were life-size. There are photographs of the King's gloves, with the stitching running up and down the fingers, harrowingly modern. These and other intimate belongings start a train of thought which becomes oppressive; they create a dust-and-ashes feeling, even though they have not suffered in 3,000 years of time. The case of the decorated chairs and necklaces and vases is different. The strong emotion shown by all four men in their descriptions, the effect on the imagination of the reiteration of such words as gold and lotus-blue, ebony, ivory, and carnelian, and the exquisite representations in Mr. Carter's book produce the inevitable and unchangeable response to loveliness. Looking at the King's Wishing-Cup in white alabaster, so simple and so strong, we understand and sympathize with a fraction of the minds of its creator and owner. The handles of this bowl are carved into lotus-flowers and buds; the bowl itself is decorated with a whorl of calices and sepals in low relief, and round the rim is a black pattern of hieroglyphs which does not become less beautiful as a design when we realize that it is also poetry: "Live thy Ka, and mayst thou spend thousands of years, thou lover of Thebes, sitting with thy face to the North winds, and thine eyes beholding felicity."

According to Mr. Weigall, a section of the Egyptian public was in favour of having the treasure reburied, to be dug up again when future discoveries in preservatives and so on should render the world more worthy of it. Perhaps we are not worthy; but it was our generation that found it, and, seeing it is the only "luck" we can claim to have had, surely we are justified in keeping it.

Mr. Weigall describes the Tomb of the Kings, translating some of the comments cut on the stones by Greek and Roman visitors, and one by "Philastris the Alexandrian," who, it is to be feared, had the temperament which makes the queues for murder trials: "I . . . who have seen with my eyes the work of these tombs of astounding horror have spent a delightful day." Only a few essays in the book deal with Tutankhamen; the rest are on miscellaneous Egyptian subjects. Mr. Weigall can walk through a village which was old in Tutankhamen's time, and read on the rocks the prayers and inscriptions of Egyptians of all dynasties, Romans, and Greeks as easily as other people read the names in a Visitors' Book. His style is at times a little monotonous and over-adjectived, but he has powers of description which, added to his knowledge, sympathy, and sense of humour, make his work at its best an extraordinarily fine thing. "The Red Sea Highroad," with its picture of the dying port, the fairy fish, and the bored Government official, is a gem.

A. M. RITCHIE.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

An Introduction to Dramatic Theory. By ALLARDYCE NICOLL. (Harrap. 5s.)

MR. NICOLL'S method, admirable when dealing with a definite group of facts, shows its limitations when applied to a wide realm of thought and feeling. His "Introduction to Dramatic Theory" is nightmarish. You are going to your confessor for spiritual advice, and suddenly you find that the holy father is a grocer's assistant behind the counter, tying up parcels with extraordinary efficiency, and handing them to you with incredible swiftness. As, laden, you turn to go, the commissionaire at the door becomes one of Mr. Cook's guides hurriedly showing you over the wing of the palace of literature called Drama. His facts about historic personages appear to be accurate, but somehow you feel it just wasn't like that; and through the undistinguished prose that goes relentlessly on, you see that the guide has no imagination or true historic sense. No turn of expression, no little twist of brain, throws a sudden beam of light, or opens a passage into human consciousness. It all seems desperately familiar. However, you recommend the book to your nephew, at seventeen so hungry for knowledge, knowing that he will there find everything suitable for answering examination questions. Why trouble him at present with such exciting diet as Nietzsche's "Birth of Tragedy," or confront him with so knotty a problem as that of Chekhov's plays? How wise of Mr. Nicoll to avoid such things! If we read, for instance, the paragraph on Horror Tragedy (p. 129) dealing with Webster and Ford, we shall understand exactly how wise he was. Mr. Cook's guide has now become that functionary at a railway station who concerns himself wholly and solely with labels, and to whom Winchester must be very like Weybridge because it is on the same line. And the book on drama you were going to give your nephew turns out to be a railway guide: which, in its way, is quite a useful compilation.

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* * *

Insanity and the Criminal. By JOHN C. GOODWIN. (Hutchinson. 18s.)

It is a great pity that this book is not better than it is. Mr. Goodwin has the best intentions—to write a serious work on insanity and crime which the ordinary man can understand and appreciate. He has enthusiasm and a considerable amount of miscellaneous and valuable knowledge; he is open-minded and "advanced," accepting modern psychology and advocating reform of criminal law and prisons. Up to a point his book is successful, and any "ordinary man" might read it with advantage. But Mr. Goodwin has one serious defect: he never seems to know at any particular point what exactly the question is which he is discussing, and to what conclusion he is travelling. His book, therefore, has the appearance of vagueness, confusion, and disorder. Some of his "facts," too, are curious; for instance, we wish Mr. Goodwin would show us "the thesis on *Immortality*" which, he tells us, "Socrates wrote while a prisoner in the common gaol at Athens."

* * *

Pages from the History of Zachy Trenoy. By RUTH MANNING-SAUNDERS. (Christophers. 5s.)

THE authoress of "Karn," one of the most vivid verse fantasies of the past few years, now tells the story of a Cornish labourer in striking rhythm and with confident colour. She has the faculty of presenting a scene, or a character, with something of the true legendary light upon it; and displays the quality of the zealot which appeared in Sydney Dobell and some of his contemporaries without their proneness to the "spasmodic" impossibilities. Like Dobell, she has a kindness for the rare and romantic word, supplying the reader with a glossary for such as "kiskey" and "clum." Her poetical devices are used with genuine resolution, and the whole long poem maintains its brightness. The region of dream and myth through which Zachy is taken has the aspect of near and far, of substance and of shadow. The roundabout and the horse and gig and the men and women are painted in with a subtle strangeness. All comes to this authentic ghostly conclusion:—

"When fog lies on the hill
And Zachy walks alone
There comes a bird out of the fog
And flies from stone to stone.

"And 'Sweet' it cries, and 'Dear' it cries,
And hops from stone to stone,
And further into fog it flies
While Zachy follows on."

* * *

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ART

VAN GOGH AT THE LEICESTER GALLERIES.

It is good news that two of the Van Goghs now on exhibition at the Leicester Galleries have been acquired for the nation. Of the two chosen, "The Yellow Chair" (No. 28) is perhaps the best picture in the show; it is certainly the most attractive. In it Van Gogh has completely mastered his medium, and in the case of this restless, violent genius it is not by any means always that this can be said. "The Yellow Chair" is exquisite in colour (how well Van Gogh understood the possibilities and varieties of yellow: the beautiful "Sunflowers"—No. 26—and the "Romans Parisiens"—No. 17—show his love of it); it is dignified and ample in design and extremely pleasant in surface texture. It is in this that Van Gogh sometimes fails; he seems never to have been satisfied, but to have tried method after method, so that he reminds us now of Millet, for whom all his life he had a great admiration, now of Seurat, now of Pissarro, now of Gauguin. The other of the two pictures, "The Postman" (No. 21), is less attractive; the excessive boldness of the brightly variegated background seems rather to distract the attention from the head, though the painting of the latter, with its beautiful curly beard, is very fine. He tried this method of a brilliant patterned background (probably under Gauguin's influence), less successfully even, in two other portraits which are also exhibited—the "Berceuse" (No. 24) and "L'Italienne" (No. 32)—in the latter of which it is confined to a bright border round two sides of the picture, amusing in itself, but too insistent. Gauguin's influence is also apparent in the "Zouave" (No. 40), one of Van Gogh's least successful paintings.

It is interesting to watch the development from the early academic picture of a pair of boots, and the even earlier (1885) "Head of a Peasant Woman" (No. 15), up to the savage, violent "Cornfield with Rooks" (No. 39), painted in 1890, the year of his death, when he was living under the care of Dr. Gachet at Auvers. The first two are very restrained in colour and have none of that swirling rhythm which is characteristic of his later pictures. They are clearly under Dutch influence. The last is almost terrifying in its intensity of feeling; restraint both of design and execution is completely abandoned, and one is aware in this, more than in any other of the paintings exhibited, of the madness by which Van Gogh was by this time possessed. His best pictures (with the exception of "The Crab"—No. 16—an exquisite piece of painting, done in Paris in 1887) are probably those of his middle period—1888—when he was living at Arles with Gauguin. To this belong "The Postman" and "The Yellow Chair," already mentioned, as well as the "Sunflowers," and also the "Bedroom in Arles" (No. 25) and "Vincent's House in Arles" (No. 27). The latter is certainly one of his finest pictures; in it the painter has conveyed with amazing vividness the intensity of the southern sunlight, contrasting the dark, violent blue of the sky with the blinding white and yellow of the houses. Another fine picture, the "Avenue in Arles" (No. 35), though very different in feeling, also belongs to this year.

At the end of 1888 Van Gogh left Gauguin and Arles, and went into the asylum of San Rémy. He still continued to paint with passionate energy and conviction and to produce extremely fine work. He made copies of pictures by Millet, of which two are here exhibited ("The Plough"—No. 29—and "The Diggers"—No. 30). In both these pictures, as in his drawings of peasants, some of which are also shown, there is a bitter, grim quality which is nowhere to be found in Millet. "The Plough" is an interesting example both of the way in which he made use of yellow—in this case in a gloomy, snow-covered landscape—and of how he obtained a feeling of recession almost

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SCIENCE

CANCER.

THE multitude of human diseases can be very satisfactorily classified by any layman for himself if he ponders for a moment on those medical facts which are nowadays common knowledge. In the first place, there are all the diseases caused by invading micro-organisms, minute forms of living matter which are in most cases bacteria; this group will include maladies so various as rheumatoid arthritis and influenza, tuberculosis and sleeping sickness. In the second place, there are such conditions as diabetes, due, not to the onslaught of germs, but to the premature senility and decay of one of the organs inside the human frame. Thirdly, there are the diseases which are in essence cases of poisoning; and, fourthly, there are those caused by deficient diet, in which the continuous rebuilding operations of the body are hampered because of the difficulty of making bricks without straw; of this class, rickets and scurvy are familiar examples. The list is now complete save for the group—that much more homogeneous group of which so little is known—described as cancer.

The organs or tissues of the body, that is to say the skin, the muscles, the liver, &c., we know to consist of small cells, each joined to its neighbour. In the ordinary course, these individual cells seem to possess very limited independence; they are never observed to change in shape or size. But like well-drilled privates in a regiment, they can carry out extensive changes of formation when called on to do so. If a piece of skin be cut out, the nearest unaffected skin cells at once begin to repair the damage; these cells may have been inactive for years, but now they divide and form new cells continuously until the surface is, once again, unbroken skin; then, as suddenly as the process of repair started, it stops. The familiar process of the healing of a cut is actually a striking piece of organization and staff work, if we regard merely the promptitude with which it begins and ends.

Evidently the cells of any tissue have the latent power of growing at a great rate, so that their numbers increase, and an intricate mechanism exists for controlling their activity. Now, occasionally this mechanism breaks down, and the power of unlimited growth is given free rein; this is the condition known as cancer. A group of skin cells, or a group of cells in the breast, or in the stomach, begin to grow without reference to the needs of the body; they grow along the channels which unite the different parts of the body, and so these "cancerous" cells implant themselves elsewhere and continue to grow in their new position. Sooner or later they obtain a stranglehold on some vital part, with the resulting death of the body as a whole.

What do we know of the causes leading to the breakdown of the mechanism for controlling the activity of individual cells? In the first place, certain occupational cancers furnish a clue. Workmen constantly exposed to coal-tar and pitch, such as retort men at gas works, road sprayers and briquette makers, are liable to develop skin cancers; chimney sweeps, constantly exposed to soot, develop cancer of the scrotum; similarly, victims are common amongst those in contact with the crude products of distillation of the oil-bearing shales of Scotland, and amongst workers continually exposed to X-rays and radium; both these classes are attacked on the arms or hands. The common feature of all the foregoing is the presence of a chemical or physical irritant

acting over long periods of time, and the suggestion that one of the causes of cancer is such an irritation has been amply confirmed by the experimental production of cancer in mice, following the daily application of tar to the skin of the back of the neck. It will be realized that this is an extremely important scientific advance, for now that a means of producing cancer at will is obtained, the factors which hasten or retard its production may be studied.

The problem of cancer is a question of discovering the details of the mechanism by which the growth of the individual body cells is controlled; it is one of extreme complexity, compared to which all other diseases seem relatively simple; but the cytologist working on the culture of tissues in the test tube may be expected to make great progress in the not very distant future.

Of the books on this subject mentioned below,* the only one representing a serious attempt to give a useful account suitable for the layman is that of Professor Walker. Unfortunately, this is incomplete, and passes by recent work of great importance in a few words. Considerable space is allotted to the development of an interesting theory of the author's which may very likely be true; nevertheless, so much speculation is just as out of place in a popular account as are his criticisms of some of the problems which have occupied the attention of several workers investigating cancer in recent years. It is to be regretted that his book cannot be given greater praise.

The remaining three books are written by men who, so far as can be seen, know nothing of the scientific work on cancer at all. It may appear singular that in no realm of medicine is the doctor's knowledge of the scientific aspect of disease so small as here, but this will be readily understood when it is realized that, at present, scientific information as to the treatment of cancer is entirely lacking. Dr. Burford's book, now offered to the public, was written as a lecture to nurses; nevertheless it is so full of technical phraseology that it is difficult to imagine that more than one nurse in twenty would understand it. Dr. Bell's book is more interesting; it is highly polemical. The author, together with many who are prepared to have convictions in the absence of supporting evidence, believes that cancer is caused by poisons in the blood consequent on faulty diet; he has had a lengthy experience of cancer cases, and his meditations on their symptoms and history have led him to a degree of certainty which renders scientific work useless and abhorrent. One can hear Dr. Bell snort as he writes. That the frequency of cancer is high in certain occupations, and that it is prevalent in many animals, are not facts which give pause to such as he. Nevertheless, the rules of diet which Dr. Bell and Mr. Reddie Mallett propose would, if followed, confer a greatly increased measure of health on the multitudes of people whose common sense in the matter of suitable food appears a negligible quantity. But there is, unfortunately, no reason to suppose that the observance of such rules would lessen the proportion of cases of cancer.

J. H. B.

MUSIC

ILDEBRANDO PIZZETTI.

ITALY, like the rest of musical Europe, has undergone a change of musical outlook in recent years. I do not refer to "futurism" or to any of the movements which are often roughly classed under that heading, but to the change produced by a revival of interest in the music of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Each country that has felt this change has felt it differently, owing to its natural musical temperament on the one hand, and on the other to the peculiar character of the

* "Theories and Problems of Cancer." By Prof. C. E. Walker. (University Press of Liverpool. 5s.)

"The Conquest of Cancer." By Dr. R. Bell. (Bell. 3s. 6d.)

"Cancer: the Increasing Plague of the Century." By Dr. G. Burford. (Bale & Danielsson. 3s. 6d.)

"Cancer: a Word of Hope." By Reddie Mallett. (Watts. 1s.)

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old music which each country has chosen to revive. This movement in Italy has had a result at first sight curious; it has brought modern Italian music into unexpected contact with modern English music. A generation ago, English music was allied most closely with the music of Germany; indeed, it was almost entirely dominated by German music. Italian music was represented by Verdi, and, therefore, almost exclusively by opera. One could hardly imagine two countries musically farther apart than Italy and England. The revival of old music brought them together because that old music belonged to a period when England was in a musical sense Italy's nearest neighbour. Whatever appealed to Italian music-lovers from the days of the madrigalists down to the death of Purcell, appealed directly to music-lovers in England. Certainly Italian opera, from the days of Scarlatti down to our own day, always had a success in England, but it has been in the main a commercial success rather than an intimate spiritual contact. The intimate contact of which I am thinking is always expressed in terms of chamber-music, that is intimate and thoughtful music, vocal or instrumental; and it is only since the change of outlook began that chamber-music has begun to take an important place in Italian musical life. And under chamber-music I include now, as of old, chamber-music vocal as well as instrumental.

In England we are singing the old madrigals again, but we are not writing new ones. In Italy they have reprinted their old madrigals to some extent, but they are seldom sung. In any case, it is obvious that the chief modern form of vocal chamber-music is the song, that is, the type of song which is called by the unpleasant name of the "art-song" as opposed to the folk-song. The art-song throughout the nineteenth century was a German product. The French and Italian languages have no word which conveniently describes it. The French talk of a *mélodie* and the Italians of a *romanza*; one sees at once the contrast of intention between Gounod and Tosti on the one side, and Brahms or Hugo Wolf on the other. Modern France has even had to accept the German word *lied* to some extent, as a name for the modern type of artistic song. In the seventeenth century, Italian chamber-music was predominantly vocal. Monteverdi, Luigi Rossi, and Stradella expressed their deepest thoughts in terms of the human voice, and these noble "songs," if I may use that word for them, are forgotten now because there are hardly any singers competent to interpret them. Their difficulties are intellectual rather than technical. They are avoided by singers, even by singers of the intellectual type, because singers think that no audiences would be prepared to listen to vocal music with the same seriousness of attention that they are accustomed to bring to a sonata for violin or pianoforte.

The most valuable result of the new movement in Italy—I need hardly remind the reader of Verdi's famous words written in 1871, "*Tornate all' antico e sarà un progresso*"—has been the production of a new type of serious Italian song. The new movement has produced chamber-music for instruments; but, good as its quality is, it is not yet of the historical importance which the songs can undoubtedly claim. The chamber-music may show definitely modern tendencies in harmony, but it still looks backward; it has not yet made up for the negligence of the past. The songs look forward, even where their musical technique is conservative.

The man who has done most to create this new type of Italian song is Ildebrando Pizzetti, now on his first visit to London. His music has been for some years familiar to English audiences; indeed, his violin sonata seems to be well on the way towards that popularity which was enjoyed by César Franck's during the Belgian invasion, or by that of Brahms, in the same key, before it. Pizzetti is by no means a voluminous writer, though he is forty-three years of age; that is, about the age when Verdi was producing "*Rigoletto*," "*Trovatore*," and "*Traviata*." His songs are a mere handful. But one alone of them, "*I Pastori*," is enough to establish his claim. It has a visionary sense

of romance, which is a new thing in Italian music altogether, though there are a few arias by old Scarlatti which seem to foreshadow it. The poem is by D'Annunzio, with whom Pizzetti has been frequently associated as composer of incidental music for plays. The reader who has never heard this song will perhaps begin to see why I draw attention to the affinity between modern Italian and modern English music; and why, in speaking of Pizzetti, I begin with his songs.

There is in our own country, too, a renaissance of song-writing, though it is of older date than the Italian. One of its most important features has been the intimate association of music and poetry. It has been brought about by, and indeed there are cases in which it has actually brought about, the close personal friendship of musician and poet. It has meant that the musician has been not a mere maker of pretty tunes, but the poet's intellectual equal. At any rate, this has now become the musician's aim, though in some cases this new ambition inspired such profound humility that certain English composers have pushed their own selves into the background out of almost exaggerated homage to the man of letters. And, however different we English may be from the Italians, we have this in common, that we are a nation of singers. That does not mean that we are prepared to sacrifice all sense to mere sound. That is not the true ideal of singing. He who knows how to speak and how to breathe, said some famous old Italian teacher of the past, knows how to sing. He meant that voice and verse must unite on equal terms, as Milton held, and as Ronsard held before him. Here we can see the affinity between Monteverdi and Matthew Locke just as we can see it between Pizzetti and Vaughan Williams. That is the great secret of "*I Pastori*" with its overwhelming power of expression—it is one of the loveliest and most moving songs of modern days—it recites a beautiful poem with absolute naturalness and justice of expression, while presenting us at the same time with a line of pure melody which enforces its appeal as music and nothing else. The three sonnets of Petrarch which Mrs. Thursfield introduced to an English audience on Monday evening had something of the same power. Pizzetti does what English composers sought to do, and does it in some ways better, because his Italian temperament gives him an easier flow of pure vocal melody. We are singers by birth, but not always by education. We have suffered from so many generations of bad singing that any musician with a love of poetry is inevitably tempted to despise the singer altogether. That is a grave mistake, and we shall never write great music until we restore the voice to its proper place. The Italians have never been troubled with these scruples. They have sinned, but they have wasted no valuable time on penance; they have either gone on sinning, as they would have done in any case, penance or no penance, or they have just ignored sin and, by some happy chance, done what was right by instinct.

It is the reversion to older music that has given Pizzetti his melodic freedom, and it is the modern movement that has helped him to simplify his accompaniments. The serious composers in England often tend to write cumbrous accompaniments from a sense of propriety. Pizzetti touches in his pianoforte chords or phrases here and there where they are wanted, and no more. It is the voice part which holds the song together; that is the vital principle of all song-writing. In his sonatas for violin and violoncello there is still a good deal of superfluous matter, relics of a past generation. What is new and individual is his treatment of the solo instrument. It sings, and would fain speak: it has its own themes peculiar to itself, while the pianoforte retains an independent personality. That was not the principle of the classical composers; but it is a logical one for all that. The classical composers perfected their technique on principles logically unsound; Pizzetti's technique is at present far from perfect. But he is on the track of new ideas, and the voice of song will lead him towards their ultimate complete discovery.

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CONTENTS.

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Mortality of Annuitants, 1900-1920. A Report on Graduation and presentation of monetary tables. By W. Palin Elderton and H. J. P. Oakley.

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FINANCE AND INVESTMENT

THE GOLD STANDARD AND DEFLATION—A SCRIP BONUS OF 100 PER CENT.

SIR CHARLES ADDIS put up a notable defence of the gold standard at Edinburgh the other day. His theme must have been wholly to his taste. In the first place, there is something particularly enjoyable in propounding thoroughly sound and orthodox principles of finance, and in handing out just praise for a more or less universal currency system which, as everyone recognizes, did not work badly before the war. There is also a second reason why Sir Charles Addis should relish the task of supporting the gold standard. He has always been recognized as the moving spirit of the Cunliffe Committee, and the aim of that Committee's recommendations was frankly a return to the gold standard at as early a date as possible. It is unnecessary for the moment to say one word against the gold standard. It is certainly easy to put forward a great deal in its favour. But the question of a return to the gold standard is another matter. For an objective to be of use must not only be desirable; it must be *practically* desirable.

Whatever the advantages of the gold standard may be, they are at the present time the measure of the disadvantages under which we have been forced to labour since the war. We are now quite definitely "off" the gold standard with only a problematical prospect of getting back to it through any effort of our own. In short, it is not the gold standard which is the most pressing problem. The real difficulty lies in our present position and the necessity for providing for the future. Sir Charles Addis says:—

"There is no remedy for Inflation but its opposite Deflation, and nothing is gained by attempting to disguise the patent truth."

There are bankers in the City who admit that the increase which has already taken place in the burden of the internal debt as the result of our deflationary policy has itself been in part responsible for the revival of the Capital Levy proposal as a means of easing it. Yet Sir Charles Addis would not shrink from piling on the agony so long as we can only look the dollar in the eye. He says:—

"I do not understand the attitude of the gentlemen who are so careful to protest that they are not Inflationists nor Deflationists, but what they are pleased to call Non-Flationists—frankly, I do not know what that means."

Evidently Sir Charles Addis's doctrine is that if you do not inflate you must deflate. On the other hand, the need for stability, by which both evils are avoided, is widely recognized. Even the writer in the current number of the "Round Table," whilst declaring that we should not abandon the main aim of the Cunliffe Committee, nevertheless agrees that stability is what is wanted, and holds that

"it is not desirable that we should contemplate a further fall in prices here, since falling prices would certainly increase trade stagnation."

Some accentuation of the trade depression and of unemployment is, therefore, one of the consequences of Sir Charles Addis's recommendations. The others are the increase in the burden of the internal debt, the difficulty of balancing the Budget, and the cumulative effect of all the consequences enumerated on the already serious social problem. Sir Charles Addis would not appear to have taken all these factors fully into account. Professor Cassel once made reference to the "practical possibilities" of deflation, which he himself regarded as "rather narrow." He said:—

"A prolonged period of falling prices and consequent general economic depression will never be accepted as a wise device of deliberate economic policy."

The upshot of the above remarks is that Sir Charles Addis has unhappily not solved our immediate problem by his able defence of the gold standard. We may be faced next year with an extremely difficult task in

arranging a satisfactory Budget. Even if the gold standard were a divine inspiration, the people who have to preserve the existing order of things and balance income and expenditure to the maximum advantage of the community are, at all events, human. The national revenue may fall off between £50,000,000 and £100,000,000 next year, and, according to Mr. Neville Chamberlain, we cannot get expenditure down. Mr. McKenna warned us some time ago that if we continued our official policy of deflation,

"We might find ourselves within measurable distance of being forced into the opposite and dangerous policy of inflation by the inability of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to meet his expenditure without recourse to borrowing."

A policy of price stability in this country, leaving it to a rise in prices in America to bring the pound back to parity with dollars, is one thing. If, however, Sir Charles Addis is to be taken as advocating further active deflation in this country with the idea of raising the New York rate of exchange that way, he is pressing, as many people in the City will agree, a mischievous and a most dangerous policy.

The stock markets, which were depressed and shaky before the Election, have since been remarkably steady, considering the result. A certain amount of liquidation would not have caused surprise on the Stock Exchange, and in anticipation of this there was a general marking-down process on the Friday when the position began to look bad for the Conservative chances. This was more in the nature of a precautionary measure on the part of professionals. The real test, it was recognized, would come on the Monday, when the attitude of the public would be revealed. As it turned out, however, there was little real selling—certainly no sign of alarm, even at the prospect of a Labour Government. Such declines in prices as were seen were chiefly in the speculative and semi-speculative departments, in which there was an account open. As will be seen from the few instances given below, gilt-edged securities were much more affected by the first shock of the Election announcement than by its result:—

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4% Victory Bonds	92½	90½	91½
3½% Conversion Loan	78½	75½	76½
2½% Consols	58½	55½	56½
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5% Nat. War Bonds, '27 ...	106½	105½	105½
India 7%	117½	113½	115

A 100 per cent. scrip bonus on the ordinary capital has just been announced by Stretton's Derby Brewery. The ordinary dividend was, in any case, to be raised from 10 per cent. in 1922 to 15 per cent. for the year ended September last. In addition, however, it was decided to capitalize £30,000 then standing at credit of Reserve for Contingencies, and with £70,000 from the amount left to go forward distribute £100,000 to the ordinary shareholders in the form of new ordinary shares. The General Reserves are not touched at all, the fund, in fact, being increased to £137,500. There seem to be good prospects here of the bonus proving of real value to the shareholders; for unless the dividend on the previous capital is maintained on the increased capital, the advantage of a share bonus is always more apparent than real. The amount available for dividends must be increased proportionately. Thus, if a company distributes £10,000 in dividends on £100,000 of capital, it pays 10 per cent. If the capital is doubled, but the earnings still do not provide more than £10,000 for dividends, the dividends must perforce be 5 per cent. In other words, the shareholder with a bonus share for every share held is no better off than before.

L. D. W.

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